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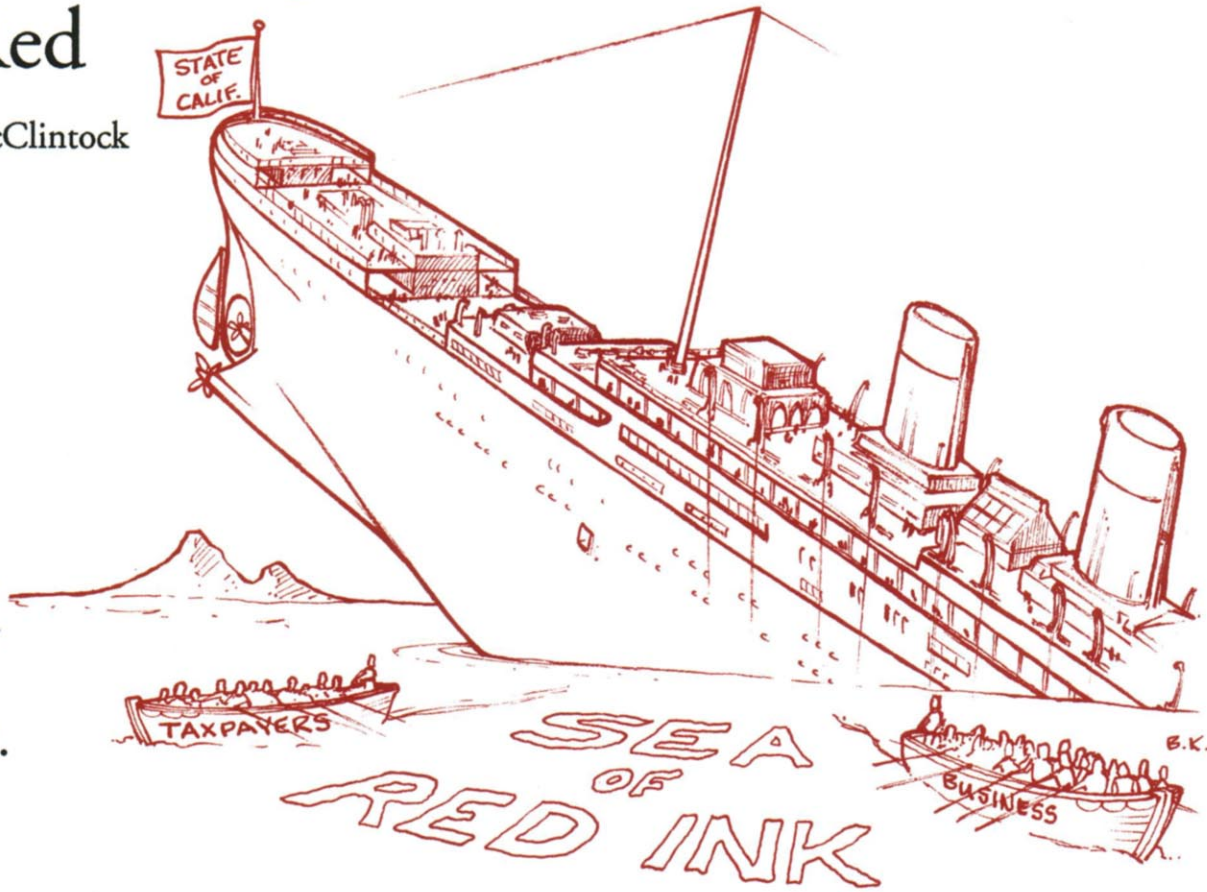
California Political Review

Sliding Under

California Slips Into a Sea of Red

Tom McClintock



SPECIAL SECTION:

What The Rodney King Video *Didn't* Show

Sgt. Stacey C. Koon

Also:

William R. Allen: Recalling A Nation Lean and Young

Criticus at the Plaza

Aztlan: *Viva das Volk!*

California Chronicles: Cal Death Penalty Threatened

Vol. 4, No. 3 *A Publication of the California Public Policy Foundation* Summer 1993

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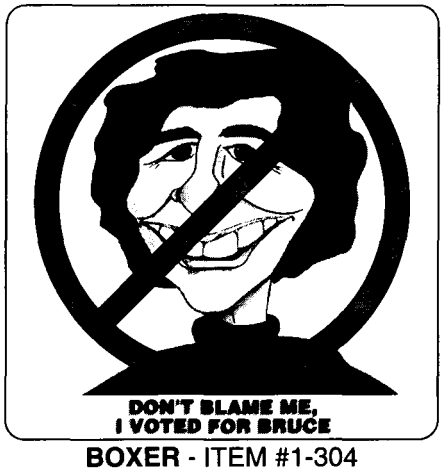

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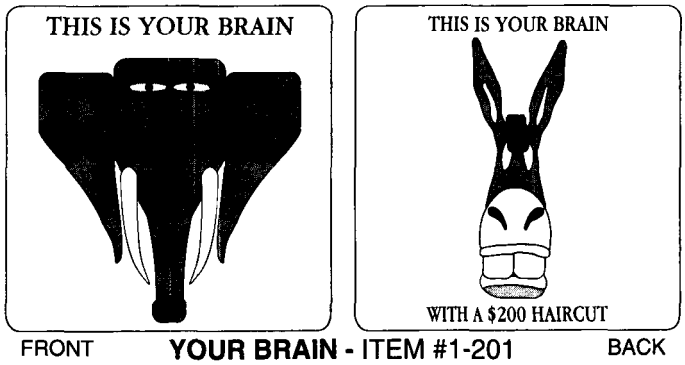

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California Political Review

Summer 1993

Articles

Sliding Under 12

California Titanic — Sinking into a Sea of Red? While *Financial World* rates ours the "worst managed" state in the nation (adding: "you guys really deserved this"), no observable changes are made in the Sacramento pattern of spending, taxes, and evasion of responsibility. Is the Golden State following New York City's road to bankruptcy?

by Tom McClintock

SPECIAL SECTION:
What the Rodney King Video Didn't Show 15

Sentencing is scheduled for August 4 for L.A.P.D. Sergeant Stacey C. Koon, the senior officer at Rodney King's March 3, 1991, arrest, and Officer Laurence Powell following their convictions in federal court on felony charges of violating King's civil rights. After Koon and Powell, with two other officers, were acquitted in state court, but before their federal trial, Koon wrote a book: *Presumed Guilty, The Tragedy of the Rodney King Affair,* giving his account of the entire incident. This excerpt from the book's first chapter covers the events of March 3. Federal prosecutors have recommended that Koon receive a nine-to-11-year prison term and Powell from seven-to-nine years. This is Koon's side of the story.

by Sgt. Stacey C. Koon, L.A.P.D.

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Correspondence

Great *Update*

I rarely get a chance to read for enjoyment anymore but did just finish *CPR Update*. You do a great job — really. I hope it is becoming prosperous for you.

Jeanne Allen
Washington, D.C.

Refreshed in Santa Barbara

I am a student and I thoroughly enjoyed both the Spring 1993 issue of *CPR* and *CPR Update*. Conservative publishers are a refreshing break from the liberal college papers here.

Michael Hanna
Santa Barbara

A Third Wing: Libertarian Republicans

In "The Great Republican Death Wish" (*CPR*, Winter 1993), John Kurzweil poses the question, "Are conservatives or are 'moderates' the Republicans addicted to loser positions." Maybe both are? Conservatives give good lip service to freedom in the economic realm, while favoring a big government stance on social matters. The Mods on the other hand, play up their pro-choice position on abortion, yet shy away from a pro-choice stance in other areas such as education, the right to own a handgun, drug use, and seat belt/helmet laws. And of course, their views on market economics are suspect to say the least.

A new breed of Republican has emerged in the '90s. No, we're not talking of the "new conservatism" of Mssr. [*sic*] Campbell whose voting record is only slightly to the right of Vermont's Bernie Sanders. The new breed, best exemplified by the likes of Senators Hank Brown, Paul Coverdell, Connie Mack, (soon to be) Kay Bailey Hutchison, and Congressman Dick Zimmer holds a stridently free market view, yet dissents from the Christian Right on matters such as abortion, sexual freedom, censorship, and the drug war.

But alas, a read through your otherwise fine publication finds a solidly black and white world for the GOP. The strong implication from *CPR* is that all Republicans are either conservative or evil moderates. You conveniently ignore the third wing: the libertarian Republicans.

George Bush lost because he compromised on the wrong issue: taxes instead of abortion. You echo the tired old conservative line in response, "The GOP group most loyal to Bush nationally were the ... Christian conservatives." So what? How about the millions of libertarian-oriented voters who abandoned the GOP precisely because of the dominance of the Religious Right? These "fiscally conservative/socially tolerant" voters are larger in number and a far more important constituency. This growing bloc did not support Bush because of his fiscally liberal/socially conservative stance. Instead, they were part of the over 19 million who opted for the pro-business/pro-choice Perot (and Marrou) in '92. The best chance for future GOP success is through the adoption of a consistently libertarian view: limited government in all areas!

Eric J. Rittberg, *national chairman*
Republican Liberty Caucus
Tallahasse, Florida

Mr. Kurzweil responds:

Mr. Rittberg's "new breed of Republican" is apparently so new it didn't exist in 1980, 1984, or even as recently as 1988 and thus wasn't around to become traumatized and walk out over Ronald Reagan's and George Bush's positions in favor of human life. That raises a question, however: if Reagan and Bush were able to assemble three landslide-victory coalitions without these people, what makes them indispensable now? The answer is that Rittberg's otherwise fine conclusion arises from a series of bogus premises:

(1) That being "pro-choice" is *the* "pro-freedom" position, as if all it takes to be "pro-freedom" is to ignore the interests of the second party involved. De-humanize slaves and Stephen Douglas's pro-slavery position becomes a principled libertarian defense of property rights or states rights against a domineering federal government. De-humanize unborn babies and abortion can be similarly transformed, in the mind, at least, if not in reality.

(2) That something shadowy out there known as the "Christian Right" wants government to force us all into its churches, as if affirming anything as true equals a determination that police power should be employed to make everyone conform to it — ignoring the core Christian belief in the primary role of individual conscience and in the futility and self-contradiction of trying to force people to behave morally, ignoring the Ten Commandments' bans on stealing, lying, and violence against one's neighbor (without which, how do you coerce people?), and, above all, ignoring the central role played throughout Western history by religion (specifically its affirmation of God's sovereignty over nations as well as men) in restraining government's inherent tendency to become ty-

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California Political Review

A publication of the California Public Policy Foundation

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California Chronicles

Anne McFadden

California Chronicles welcomes information about conservative groups, publications, and activities — also news of liberal fraud, fatuousness, and foibles (especially appreciated). Contact: Anne McFadden, 712 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 44, Santa Monica, CA 90401

Criminal Justice Legal Foundation

Cal Death Penalty Threatened

The Criminal Justice Legal Foundation has filed arguments in two cases against defense motions that seek to overturn the death penalties of convicted murderers. If upheld, these defense motions could void every death sentence in California. In both cases — *People v. Bacigalupo* and *Wade v. Vasquez* — convicted murderers are arguing that a 1992 United States Supreme Court decision (*Stringer v. Black*) created a new sentencing requirement that must be applied retroactively to every murderer on California's death row.

California allows sentencing juries to weigh the "circumstances of the crime" in deciding whether or not to give the death penalty, a procedure the U.S. Supreme Court has not only allowed but *recommended* in previous decisions. *Stringer* states that allowing juries to consider "vague" issues supporting a death sentence constitutes "serious error." The murderers in *Bacigalupo* and *Wade* say that the "circumstances of the crime" considered under California law are just such "vague" issues. The California Attorney General and CJLF have joined forces to attack that argument.

Both Miguel Bacigalupo's and Melvin Wade's victims have been dead for 10 years while the system has fumbled around, trying to find the courage to deal with them. To place the matter in context, consider Wade's crime: he was convicted and sentenced after overwhelming evidence showed that on April 10, 1981, he subjected his 10-year-old stepdaughter to a brutal 22-hour ordeal which included his beating her with his fists and a board, kicking her, slamming her head against a wall with such force that it left a hole, locking her inside a military duffle bag and leaving her in a crawlspace above the ceiling for several hours, making her drink her own urine, stomping on her chest and hanging her with a dog leash. Through most of the torture the girl pleaded for mercy. Wade's conviction and death penalty were upheld on direct appeal by the California Supreme Court and again by the federal District Court on *habeas corpus.*

CJLF argues in both cases, first, that sentencing procedure is different under California law from that of the Mississippi process involved in *Stringer* and, second, that the effect of *Stringer* the murderers advocate is mistaken. One or both of these cases could well go to the U.S. Supreme Court. CJLF plans to stay with them as long as they last.

Independent Business Coalition

Workers' Comp Reform

Small businesses around the state have joined to form the Independent Business Coalition to fight an uphill battle to reform California's workers' compensation system. (This used to be called "workmen's compensation" — *very* politically incorrect. That the phrase's degendering was accomplished early, quickly, and with little fuss while the system's vast and staggering abuses have remained largely untouched indicates the priorities of those in power, and why the Independent Business Coalition finds itself fighting an uphill battle.) Concentrating their efforts in Sacramento, the group works with lawmakers on workers' comp legislation. The Coalition circulates notices to interested parties advising action on particular bills. For membership or information contact: Independent Business Coalition,

(Please turn to page 36)

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Commentary

The American Lawyer Sides With Koon

THE RODNEY KING affair is far from over. After sentences are handed down next month against Stacey Koon and Laurence Powell (the two policemen found guilty in federal court of violating King's civil rights), an almost certainly years-long appeal process will begin with a good chance that eventually the convictions will be overturned. If that surprises you, read Koon's account of the arrest that appears in this issue of *CPR*. It covers what went on that night from his eyewitness point of view in detail.

But first, it seems natural to ask: can we trust such a witness? And, in any event, do we need one? After all, everyone has seen George Holliday's videotape many times. Are we not *all* eyewitnesses? The answer is, well, actually, no, we are not. Koon's meticulous description of the events of March 3, 1991, is largely designed to show that what the media gave us to see is by no means the whole story, or even reliable as far as it seems to go. We'll leave it to readers to decide for themselves whether or not Koon succeeds in making his case.

But as for Koon's trustworthiness as a witness, more than just the Simi Valley jury agreed that the correct verdict was not guilty. The June 1992 issue of *The American Lawyer* carried a remarkable report on the trial (which had then concluded a few weeks earlier) by Roger Parloff, described by his editor in that issue as "a careful, liberal-leaning lawyer."

"In the past few weeks," Parloff's account begins, "I have taken several friends aside, closed the door, lowered my voice, and confessed. I watched much of the trial of the four Los Angeles police officers who beat Rodney King. I might have done the same thing the jury did.

"Am I out of my mind? A fascist? A racist? (I'm white.)"

No, just a disinterested observer who actually watched the trial (on television) and who possesses sufficient courage to report honestly what he saw, including the evidence on the seemingly damning videotape.

"... the defense," Parloff wrote, "used slow-motion replays to demonstrate that Powell and Wind — the only two defen-

Your President

This week, Erato, our poetic muse
Suggests we write about current news.
To me the stories that appear most rife
Are articles about Bill Clinton's life.

Not about strife and the country's pain
But about improving his appearance, again and again;
About a government out of whack
Blindly seeking a better tack.

Since childhood it has been Slick Willie's goal
His personal features to extoll.
And, by sterling efforts and subtle guile,
He became our leader with Hollywood style.

To achieve what very few have dared
Was a career of becoming well prepared.
To shuck the image of a Bubba-Bob
He arranged to consort with a classier mob.

To assure himself of adequate moola
He matriculated at the law school of Boola Boola.
To guarantee his rise would be go-go-go
He sojourned at Oxford, don't you know!

To absorb the British in their judicial digs,
Fashion plates of robes and wigs;
To thrill to the changing of the guard
And their majesties in their own backyard.

All of this while being very wary
To avoid our country's military,
While pursuing a life of intellectual ease
And eschewing socializing with Vietnamese.

Lately he's accomplished his lifetime's best
As recent activities do attest.
But there seems to be a lack of reality.
Or is he a split personality?

He strives to portray a mind astute,
His smile is to show he's sweet and cute.
He strains to show he's stern but fair
His crowing glory, his curly hair.

He jogs and jogs, a military stride,
Love handles bouncing along for the ride.
His financial message grown less effectual
As he casts asides about homosexuals.

On TV he created a seismic shakeup
When he asked a reporter to repair his makeup.
To be a cabinet secretary of the coif
He appointed a hairdresser named Christophe.

His town hall meeting a great success
His press conferences a publicist's mess.
The party events are better still,
Hosted by Hillary and Al, Tipper, and Bill.

On greater things his thoughts are bent
For he's a most ambitious gent.
In '96 when his term is through
He aims to replace Phil Donahue!!

This poem is about your President.
The innuendoes are not very kind.
I'd have liked to have been more charitable
But, unfortunately, he's also mine!

— Paul Golis, Thousand Oaks

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dants who ever strike King with batons — are, in fact, frequently pausing to observe King's behavior. Whenever King moves his arm toward his waistband — remember, the officers have not been able to search King — they hit him. When King appears to get back into a push-up position or pulls his knees up under him — the positions from which he has twice before risen to his feet and advanced upon the officers — they hit him.

"This doesn't shock me. If ordinary-sized police officers are trying to control a violent, resisting suspect who is the size of a professional football player (let alone one who has not yet been searched for a gun), I think it is unrealistic to say that they cannot strike him until he has regained his feet."

Anyone inclined to dismiss Koon's story on grounds it must be self-serving and untrustworthy should read the complete Parloff article. It supports Koon in every essential detail.

Power *From* the People

Guest Editorial
by Leon McKinney

A BILL, SB 246, working its way through the state Senate, would end special elections to fill legislative vacancies, allowing the party of the departed legislator to fill the seat. Necessary enabling legislation has already passed the Senate Elections Committee. Special elections are expensive, so at least some lawmakers, who would prefer to spend the money on vote-buying pork, want them eliminated.

This legislation (which voters would have to pass before it became law) would, of course, do much more than just save money. It would greatly increase the power of state Republican and Democrat party organizations while commensurately diminishing that of the voters. It is an example of the inherent tendency of people holding political power to consolidate it in fewer and fewer hands. It should be resisted, especially by conservatives in an

Notebook

A Loophole for EMILY

SENATORS DIANNE **Feinstein** and **Barbara Boxer** want a lid put on campaign spending and PACs and restrictions laid on the practice of "bundling" donations for all groups — *except* "EMILY's List." What is this EMILY's List? Among other things, a heavy contributor to the Bo-Fi campaigns. But of course self-interest plays no part here. EMILY's loophole, they assure us, is justified: the donors are individuals, not nasty corporations, and 98 percent of its support goes to non-incumbents, and, anyway, Bo-Fi, now in office, have subtler ways of coaxing campaign support from people .... On March 2, 1992, visions of Los Angeles School Board Members **Barbara Boudreaux, Mark Slavkin, Julie Korenstein, Jeff Horton, Roberta Weintraub,** and **Leticia Quezada** beamed over the airwaves at public expense from the School District's television station, Channel 58. This merry band had come together for a public, taxpayer-financed shellacking of the Parental Choice in Education Initiative that will appear on this November's statewide ballot. The initiative, they said, is "destructive" and a product of "bigotry," that it would lead to a "fascist type of society," that it was "a fraud," "a lie," and "deceiving." Now they are being sued by **Lewis K. Uhler, Larstella (Star) Parker,** the **Choice in Education League,** and Uhler's **National Tax Limitation Committee,** represented by attorney (and *CPR* Editorial Board member) **Manuel S. Klausner.**

THE SCHOOL Board members freely admit that both state law and the Board's own official "Guidelines" prohibit political activity and advocacy of "positions on electoral matters" by the Board at public expense. But these paragons of honesty now characterize their TV show as a fair, impartial, nonpolitical, and informational discussion of current issues — Boudreaux, for instance, was only providing information when she pleaded with viewers to "oppose this destructive measure," as were Korenstein, who used the word "fascist," and Weintraub, who "urge[d] people out there, please don't sign" the petition to place the initiative on the ballot. Plaintiffs were granted an injunction in Superior Court and the case is now on appeal .... The FBI reports that the rate of violent crime per 10,000 Americans, which stood at 16.1 in 1960, rose to 36.4 in 1970, to 59.7 in 1980, and to 73.2 in 1990. The latest figure — for 1991 — is 75.8 — something to bear in mind the next time your local paper reports that the public's growing fear of crime is based on misconceptions ....

CPR EDITORIAL Board member **Tom McClintock's** early June column in the *Los Angeles Times* ("Dump **Wilson** and Restore Republicanism") argued that "Gizmo," McClintock's Persian cat, "could lose the [1994 gubernatorial] election far more cheaply and far less certainly than Wilson ... without inflicting massive collateral damage to every other Republican candidate." Ever-resourceful GOP Gnomes soon had FAX machines statewide receiving "Gizmo for Governor" pleas like the one reproduced nearby. Rumors abound that "Gizmo" buttons, bumper strips, and posters will sell briskly at the state GOP's fall convention. No word yet on any "Draft Gizmo" committees .... A little-commented-upon (in the major media anyway) section of Governor **Wilson's** November ballot measure to make permanent the half-cent state sales tax is designed to blackmail individual counties to support the measure. While every county's citizens will have to *pay* the tax if a statewide majority votes yes, the funds it raises will go ***only*** to those counties in which a majority of county voters approve the measure or where their local supervisors specifically request the funds. Don't expect to see Wilson, as he campaigns for the measure, touting this section: a callous attempt to buy votes, to punish voters who balk at surrendering yet more of their money to the state, and to blunt political opposition to the tax increase by goading local elected officials to sign on or lose out on the gravy. CPR

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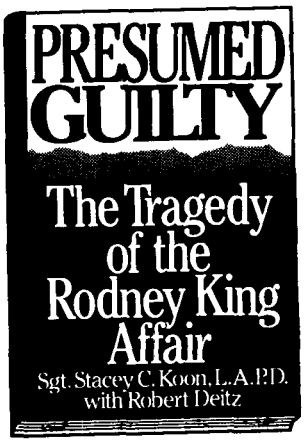
Maybe the Simi Valley Jury Was Right.

Read This Book And You'll Know.



Presumed Guilty: The Tragedy of the Rodney King Affair is the full story of the case that shocked the nation. Stacey Koon, sergeant, Los Angeles Police Department (one of the officers acquitted by the Simi Valley jury and then convicted by the federal jury), tells you what the first jury really knew; why the Los Angeles riot was pre-determined; what role the media played in the terrifying events; and how future riots like this can be prevented.

It's the whole truth, but it's not a book for the faint-hearted.

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era in which liberalism continues to lose ground among voters who, thus, are increasingly likely to elect conservative candidates.

Similar issues arise at the local level. Last year, for instance, when Congress changed the Voting Rights Act requiring ballot materials to be printed in Spanish, Vietnamese, Korean, Thai, Russian, Martian, whatever, they left the tab to be picked up by state and local governments. To their credit the registrars in Los Angeles and San Diego counties swallowed the additional printing costs. By contrast, Orange County Registrar of Voters Don Tanney decided he'd divvy up those costs among all candidates, even those who'd requested English-only ballot statements. So, school district, special services district, city council, and other local candidates found their ballot fees doubling or even tripling — a matter of several hundred dollars in many cases, not the sort of thing to bother well-financed major candidates, just burden enough to exert real hardship on ordinary citizens who want to serve their communities.

Naturally no one bothered to notify the candidates who simply received a bill demanding payment or else — or else they would next hear from collection agencies. Successful Rossmoor Community Services District candidate John Hunt, who asked registrar staff why no one called to warn of the extra cost, was told "they didn't have the time."

Ed Burchmann, an unsuccessful candidate whose English-only ballot statement fee rocketed from $200 to $511, filed a formal claim against Registrar Tanney through the County Office of Risk Management. Burchmann charged (a) fraud in the inducement and negligence — Tanney had known about the pending federal legislation since April 1992 and had already decided to bill candidates *ex post facto,* but didn't warn prospective "purchasers" of registrar services their bills would balloon later — and (b) breach of contract (imagine you pay for a big-screen TV, take it home, and then later the dealer reappears claiming you owed him twice again what your bill of sale said, and that he'd harass you through collection agencies if you didn't pay). Showing the courage of his convictions normally found in bureaucrats facing determined resistance,

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Sacramento Spectator

Quick Willie

BESIDES "Slick Willie," our Prez is also earning the nickname "Quick Willie" for the abrupt upturn in Republican fortunes since his election. A string of special election wins and near misses spread throughout California has indicated a strong GOP resurgence. In addition, preliminary figures from the Secretary of State indicate that for the first time in more than a year, Republicans are leading Democrats in new registrations – just like the good ol' days of Reagan and Bush (pre-tax increase, when his lips were still readable). One of your *Spectator's* favorite Sacramento wags commented that while it took George Bush four years to make being a Republican unpopular, Bill Clinton has turned that around in only four months!

The latest special election was for the late B.T. Collins' suburban Sacramento Assembly seat. In the primary May 25, conservative Barbara Alby easily led the 17-candidate field with 25 percent of the vote, nearly 10 points ahead of the second place finisher. Additionally, the top three finishers were all Republicans, and GOP candidates received 73 percent of the vote cast! In this district bulging with state employees, the four Democrat candidates could garner only 23 percent of the vote among them — an astounding number, considering that Democrat registration stands at 45 percent. As a result of these primary election numbers, Alby is a heavy favorite to win the run-off against liberal Democrat Joan Barry July 27.

A FOOTNOTE on the primary: From the "be careful what you wish for" department comes the tale of Democrat elected officials who provided the conservative California Republican Assembly with opposition research on Carol Bass, the "moderate" Republican primary candidate. (Bass was widely considered Governor Wilson's favorite, though officially he stayed neutral.) Apparently falling for their own press clippings about Alby being "too conservative" to win the district, these Democrats supported her for the GOP nominee over Bass. CRA used the research (actually given to a Republican state senator close to CRA) in a couple of hit pieces against Bass, who ended up finishing a rather weak third. But now, following of the GOP's landslide 73 percent primary vote, the "too conservative" Alby is heavily favored to be "Assemblywoman Alby" July 28. So, a tip o' this conservative hat to the Democrat staffers who worked so hard coming up with the dirt on Bass. Before they try this again, however, your *Spectator* suggests they look up the word "boomerang" in their Funk & Wagnalls.

YOU HEARD it here first. Richard Riordan will be a major disappointment to Republican activists. He is a Republican by accident of birth, and, while a solid businessman, is in no sense "partisan." This should endear him to the media around the state, but your *Spectator* predicts that he will become an embarrassment and thorn in the side of traditional GOPers. He will oscillate wildly across the political spectrum, and if he has any success in turning L.A. around (something we should all hope for) his brand of ideology-free governance will quickly be hailed as the model for the "new" Republicanism. Just wait and see.

You heard it here first — part II. The school voucher initiative will get "nuked" by $15 or $20 million provided by the nation's educational parasites and interest groups. *That should not discourage voucher supporters.* This must be looked at as a two- or three-election project. Be assured, two or four years from now, public schools will *not* have improved. The electorate will be ready to give vouchers a second — friendlier — look down the road. Be not afraid!

And in conclusion, don't be fooled by the self-congratulatory hype coming from Sacramento about how proud we should be that our legislators and the governor finally passed a budget "on time." While that is technically correct, the document they inflicted on the people is an abomination full of tax increases now, tax increases in the future, with plenty of smoke and lots of mirrors. Celebrating this disaster for being "on time" ranks with popping the champagne bottle after booking the last available suite on the Titanic. It will be fun — but only for awhile.

— A.P.C.

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Tanney suddenly announced a "one-time forgiveness" on the extra fees, but warned that they would be due in future elections.

More than the typical arrogance, greed, and laziness of our civil servants was at work here. Ed Burchmann hit the truth: "the bottom line is, in the future, very few ordinary citizens are going to have their ballot statement printed" — as opposed to candidates bankrolled by teachers unions, trial lawyers, insurance companies, doctors — the usual special interest suspects. CPR

The Protracted Conflict *At Home*

Double Standards for Extremists

'Insensitive' Words Are Banned But Hate and Violence Are Tolerated

David Horowitz

Mr. Horowitz wrote the following column at the invitation of a Los Angeles Times *editor who offered to publish what he wrote. The* Times *subsequently declined to run the piece.*

IT IS a cliché of politics that the extremes meet: there are fascists on the right and fascists on the left. With the close of the cold war, however, we seem to have grown tolerant towards one end on the spectrum. The fascists on the right are as visible and noxious as ever, of course. The difference is that Skinheads don't get grants from organizations like the National Endowment for the Arts, or the California Arts Council; they are not encouraged and supported by University Administrators, and they do not have documentaries glorifying their antics on PBS. Left-wing fascists do.

I was put in mind of these disparities by an event in Los Angeles recently. It was a "town meeting" and panel discussion at the Beyond Baroque Literary/Arts Center, sponsored by the two agencies mentioned above. The evening's subject was "The Legacy of the [Black] Panthers," a fascist gang of the Sixties that became famous by preaching violence ("political power grows out of the barrel of a gun.") The Baroque Center program was set against "the issues of police brutality, and racism, and gang violence," – hot topics in Los Angeles. I had recently written a long article ("Black Murder Inc.") on the trail of mayhem and murder that the Panthers left in their wake during their glory days in the Sixties and Seventies, but although my name appeared in the news release announcing the event, I was not invited to participate. Instead, the panel consisted mainly of Panther die-hards, including a man who had spent 19 unrepentant years in prison for machine-gunning two New York policemen, before being released on a technicality.

I called the evening's organizer and asked him why a public critic of the Panthers like myself was not invited. He said he had thought of inviting me, but if I spoke "there would be fist fights" and he didn't want any violence. The threat of violence obviously didn't come from me, a middle-aged grandfather (who did not even throw a rock during the entire 1960s).

A day earlier, I had spoken at Yale, where my student hosts had to hire half a dozen armed security guards to ensure my safety and theirs. The precautions proved prudent. Although my speech invoked the legacy of Martin Luther King in decrying all forms of racism, I did express critical attitudes towards affirmative action double standards and towards the same Black Panthers. A leader of the Yale Black Student Alliance spoke up from the audience to comment: "We can't allow you to say things like that." At the same time white and black members of a group calling itself "Zulu Nation" threatened the students who invited me that if they were going to bring speakers like me to Yale they better get out of town.

At Portland State University last fall, my talk was also chaperoned by six armed security guards whom the University administration had placed at my disposal, apparently knowing what to expect from their student radicals. This time it was the officially recognized Bi-Sexual Gay and Lesbian Alliance that led the charge. No matter that I had come into Oregon to *oppose* the infamous Proposition 9, which would have declared homosexuality "perverse, unnatural, immoral and wrong." That wasn't enough for the gay fascists who came to obstruct my talk, which was not politically correct to their tastes. And obstruct they did.

THEY SAT 20 across holding up giant placards which said "Pig" "Lies" "Bigot" every time I uttered a thought. They shouted, they stood up to harangue, and in one case actually scream at the audience "He's killing women! He's killing women!' This particular outburst was in response to my criticism of the current safe sex campaign. I recalled an interview I had conducted with

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a Center for Disease Control official who said that virtually 100 percent of sexually transmitted AIDS between males is transmitted anally. The conclusion I drew was that warning people about the dangers of unprotected anal sex would be preferable and more effective than distributing condoms to heterosexual high school kids who — if they avoided anal sex — were not at risk.

My experiences of course are not unique. A survey of "Racism on Campus" in the current *U.S. News and World Report* recounts the story of a junior at the University of North Carolina who wrote a sarcastic letter to the school paper opposing a demonstration planned by black students. Two black students accosted the junior and knocked him down. "Immediately, I knew the letter got published," the writer remarked, apparently retaining his sense of humor.

The point is that students on college campuses today *expect* violence from leftist groups. And leftist groups perpetrate violence and intimidate opponents because *they know there will be no consequences.* Across the country entire fraternity chapters are suspended, kicked off campus, and otherwise disciplined for uttering *words* that are deemed "insensitive" or otherwise politically incorrect. But there are no cases of left-wing groups, who regularly use physical obstruction and violence to silence their opponents, being similarly disciplined or even censured.

DEMAGOGUES WHO have made public threats of violence a staple of their discourse, like Louis Farrakhan, Sister Souljah, Khalid Muhammad, and Ice T, are not only welcomed to the nation's elite campuses by left-wing organizations, but paid exorbitant sums out of general student fees for their appearances. A David Duke could not show his face on a college campus, let alone get invited and paid.

And in fact what is true on the campuses is true in the culture at large. When Act-Up vandals desecrated a Mass at Saint Patrick's Cathedral (a violation not even the Communist governments of Eastern Europe attempted) the outrage was celebrated in a film called *Stop the Church,* which was shown on public television stations like KCET. PBS has aired *five* films glorifying the Black Panthers, and not a single one indicating the murders and crimes they committed or deploring their calls to political violence. When Communist hacks like Angela Davis, or Panther capos like former Party Chairman Elaine Brown are profiled in the "View" sections of the nation's press, they are treated with the utmost respect as champions of the voiceless and powerless. David Duke and the Skinheads spout a parallel message of rebellion and hatred, and also can be said to represent a community that is voiceless and powerless, but no self-respecting newspaper editor would think of treating them with respect.

When a nation's public discourse is subject to threats and intimidations by political fascists, democracy is in trouble. It is time to end the double standards that have created and encouraged this situation. It is time to recognize fascists whether they are on the left or the right, and to withdraw respect from those who preach hatred and violence in our public life. CPR

A July Fourth Meditation

Valley Forge ... But *We* Were *Born* Free

Remembering a Nation Young and Lean

William R. Allen

THERE IS more to life than economics. To be sure, man does not live without bread. And the way he organizes activities of production and exchange has critical political and sociological, as well as economic, significance. But man does not live by bread alone — or even by bread and circuses together. Indeed, what most basically distinguishes one person or one people from another has less to do with material wealth and power than with qualities and characteristics of the mind, the heart, and the soul.

Our current public heroes are disproportionately represented by clowns and gladiators. But the world's most vital work is done by those of courage and integrity and judgment and dedication and perseverance, most of whom are largely unsung and unfavored with extraordinary reward.

PERHAPS THE community's conception of the heroic is modified as the condition of the community develops. Perhaps what is deemed exemplary and worthy of emulation when a nation is young and lean, with future promise dominating present attainment, and

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yearning for independence, is heavily diluted and substantially replaced when the nation seemingly runs short of frontiers to explore. Some have been obliged to *earn* their freedom, with both sweat and blood. But most of us were *born* free. Perhaps inheritances are not as well comprehended and prized as what we ourselves have won and produced.

IT WOULD be naive to suppose that all the American colonists were revolutionary heroes — or that the revolutionists were regarded as heroes by all the colonists. Indeed, the revolutionists were a minority of the community — and not all of the revolutionary zeal reflected political idealism and philosophic purity. The revolution was conducted by people, not deities, so there is to be found in the history of the grand adventure a sufficiency of coarseness, ineptitude, and fear.

But the inherent frailties of people and the confusions and uncertainties which divided the community serve to make more visible the strength and the sense of those who bore monumental burdens to make us a nation. Certainly, the burdens of those men and boys at Valley Forge in the terrible winter of 1777-78 were monumental — quite beyond full comprehension as one now serenely surveys the lovely landscape in a warm summer day. No shots were fired at Valley Forge. But while enemy forces comfortably occupied nearby Philadelphia, more than 3,000 of the 11,000 troops under General George Washington perished from cold, disease, and starvation.

They died for us. Truly, I have trod hallowed ground. We shall deserve damnation if — through failure of *our* courage and integrity and judgment and dedication and perseverance, we meanly lose our noble inheritance. CPR

The Working Press

Lacking the Prudence of Squirrels

The *Chronicle* Looks at County Supervisors; An Unusually Honest Democrat

Tim W. Ferguson

YOU SURELY read a lot of wailing from local government officials about the shift of property tax funds away from them. What most didn't get from their papers was the sort of historical take Vlae Kershner gave readers of the *San Francisco Chronicle*, which had to leave them considerably less sympathetic to the plight of the county supervisors. Suffice to say they (and their constituents) lived mighty high for years, and, of course, lacked the prudence of squirrels and didn't stash money away for harder times. The piece ended with a terrific bit from Phil Isenberg, an unusually honest Democrat in the state Assembly leadership and former Sacramento mayor: "Referring to the dire warnings of local officials, he said: 'I'm a skeptic because I used to be on the other side making some of them.'" ....

Kudos also to the *Chronicle* for a series showing how the vast disparity in quality among public schools has no necessary correlation with money spent per pupil. Amid the cant over schooling in the state, this comparison of suburban and urban institutions probably gave one of the more balanced, honest appraisals of what works, what doesn't, where, and why. You knew it hit paydirt when a letter taking "strong exception" followed from Del Weber of the California Teachers Association ....

The *Chronicle*, again, was in fine form with a "special report" on the depression in the western San Joaquin Valley (worse than the eastern side) and its relationship to the new water rules out of Washington designed both to curb subsidies and to protect the Delta smelt and other fish. Whatever one thinks of these changes, they are contributing to upheaval in an economically (and therefore politically) important part of the state, and have further divided Pete Wilson (who wants to slow the changeover) from the environmentalist lobby. Rare is the story in the metropolitan press giving this subject the coverage it deserves ....

GIVE PETER Schrag of the *Sacramento Bee* his due: He has never wavered in his criticism of Proposition 13, unpopular as that stance remains outside the world of government. He continues to say what more politic liberals only spit out with their gargle — that the Jarvis-Gann limit isn't reconcilable with ambitious provision of services by a well-paid public sector. The gaps at the local level, particularly, are more evident as the population currents grow wilder and the demands louder. In that final regard, however, one aspect of 13 that Mr. Schrag and other commentators haven't been men-

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tioning is the hold it exerts on longtime homeowners and businesses. Were the lid placed on their property taxes (going back to 1975) blown off, California might see an exodus that would make the current departures seem orderly ....

If the *Bee's* Mr. Schrag is a one-note, its Dan Walters has his detractors who say he runs with the sentiment *du jour.* When you write a column every working day, it's hard not to cross your own tracks on occasion. But Big Dan didn't appear too nimble with an account of "revisionist thinking" that Governor Wilson did the school-choice forces no favor by thrusting their voucher initiative onto a November special ballot. It was not clear whose thinking was being revised, other than Mr. Walters himself, who was unusually lonely in his early appraisal to the contrary ....

ON THE other hand, the Walters column was the only place we read of a bill, passed by the Assembly, to prohibit employers (that's enough to raise alarms, right there) from discriminating against a unionist, just as minorities, women, and the handicapped are already shielded. What that effectively would mean, sure enough, is that union membership would be grounds for filing a complaint whenever someone is fired, demoted, not promoted, or not hired. Did anyone say "Utah"? ....

The *Bee* did itself proud with a review of the nearly 40 "regulatory" boards the state maintains, noting both their limp performance and — in embarrassingly detailed fashion — their function as sinecures for political hacks in need of pay and pensions. (Usually the beneficiaries are associates of governors.) It was another reminder, even if the *Bee* didn't intend this, that Sacramento hasn't exactly lost all its fat ....

Further on the subject of pensions, the *Sacramento Union* made us glad it's still around (barely) with the latest eye-popping rundown of what state officials such as the barnacles on the Board of Equalization manage to pull down when they finally get pried off. Try nearly $200,000 a year as goodbye gifts to the canniest veterans. Add that to the case for term limits ....

What strikes a regular reader of the *Los Angeles Times* is how many of these signficant state stories never seem to appear in California's leading daily. Although the *Times'* Daniel Weintraub is perhaps the best reporter on Sacramento's never-ending fiscal fiasco, its coverage of state affairs is rather short of a panoply and rarely the least bit memorable. It makes you wonder whether the paper has decided, like L.A.'s TV stations, that state government issues are just not crowd pleasers ....

Daniel Akst of the *Times* found a way to tell of state regulation in the form of a consumer-ripoff story — about some consumers ripping off others thanks to government. He showed that nearly 20 percent of Pacific Bell phone customers are requesting "Lifeline" service as established for poor people, and the new requests are ringing off the hook. You see, the phone company doesn't have the resources or inclination to check a customer's vow of poverty — and why should it? The expense of subsidizing service obtainable for only a few dollars a month is passed along to the rest of us through a tax on our phone bills. That tax has risen four-fold since Lifeline was imposed in 1986 ....

Let's not forget smog regulation. Apparently several legislators haven't, as serious stabs are being made at reining in the regional air-pollution districts that levy fines to sustain their budgets and otherwise harass businesses out of town. The *Los Angeles Business Journal,* a weekly that covers such inconsequential matters, quoted the imperious James Lents, director of the South Coast (metro L.A.) Air Quality Management District, complaining, "There is hysteria in the Legislature about job loss in this state." Hallelujah! ....

MEANWHILE, THE *San Francisco Examiner* exposed one more outrageous example of a merchant prosecuted for flouting the state's minimum milk-price law. The field remains wide open for some competition-loving consumer crusaders to raise radical hell with the interest-group oligopoly in the capital ....

Finally, we get around to political correctness at the *L.A. Times* again. Did you know that the op-ed editor's office there has a chart with pink and blue squares, indicating the sex of each day's contributors? Trying to get in the pink, the page runs some extraordinary drivel from womenfolk. But what may have been the most embarrassing PC offering in memory appeared in (naturally) the "View" section shortly after Assemblyman Pete Knight circulated his now infamous verse about illegal Mexican immigrants. This piece, "Special to the *Times*" (usually a clue of trouble), sought to teach us how racism can crop up in the everyday language of seemingly decent people. "Those that have power have the privilege of not having to be aware," said a generously quoted Yolanda Harper, "a University of Tulsa professor who studies multicultural psychology." She then added, redundantly, "Awareness is a choice for people who are in power." We are reminded that "welshing," "jewing," and "gypping" are all no-nos. But did you know that "blacklist," "black sheep of the family," and "don't get behind the eight ball" are also hateful terms and phrases? There was more lecturing and then some confessing in the article (none of it concerned racist speech *by* blacks, but then you knew that). The only redeeming aspect to the exercise was that it suggested how much is *too* much, even for the lords of "View." Instead of giving the piece the cover play for which it was obviously conceived, they stuck it on page 2, over Dear Abby. CPR

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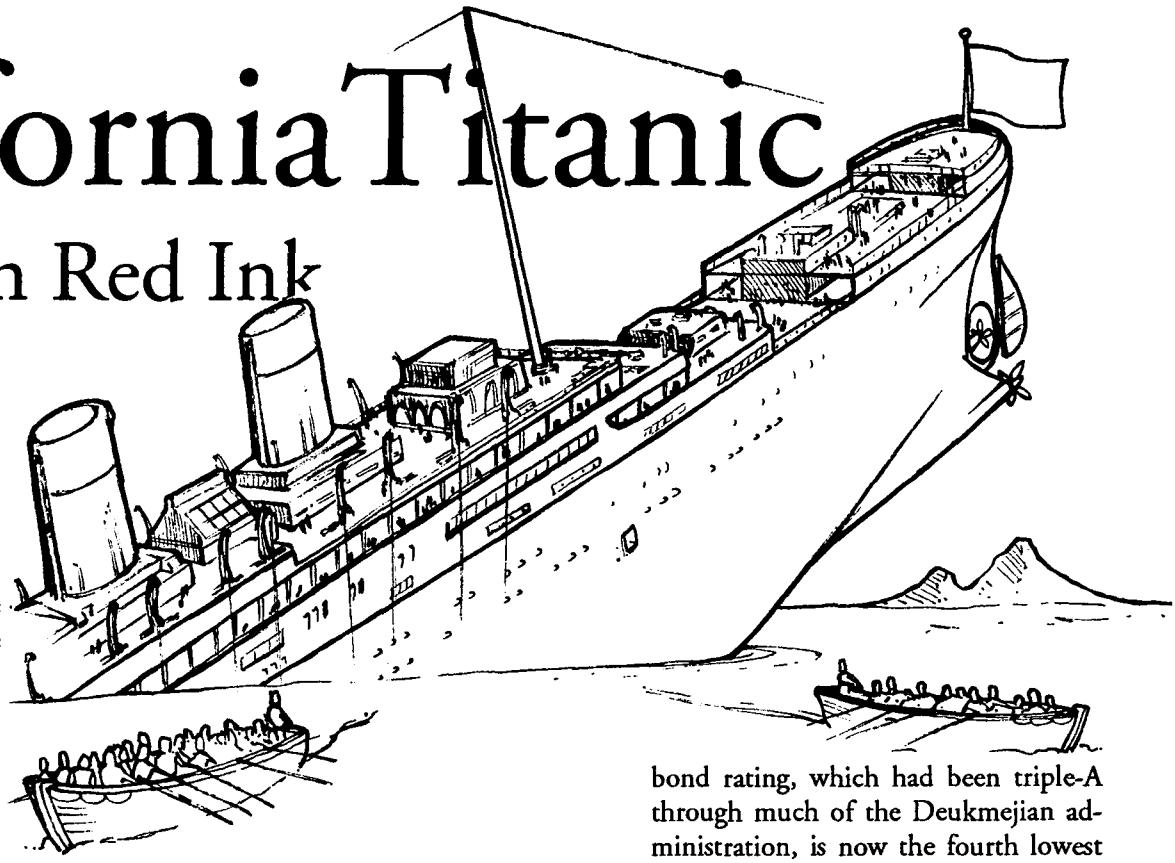
California Titanic

Sinking In Red Ink

Tom McClintock



A STUNNED silence fell over the bridge of the Titanic when Captain Smith was apprised of the damage to his "unsinkable" ship. Seawater flooding the forward compartments was dragging the Titanic down by the bow, progressively lowering each of the ship's watertight sections just enough to allow water to spill over the bulkheads between them, filling one, then the next, then the next. Once this process began, the ship was doomed.

Today in the state Capitol, the same sort of daze seems to paralyze the officials who recklessly ran California full speed into a recession. As in-rushing red ink spills from one fiscal year to the next, the state is inexorably being dragged toward bankruptcy. At some point, that process will also become irreversible. If such a disaster seems implausible simply because it is unprecedented, today's newspaper will carry a list of businesses and households that have irresponsibly managed their financial affairs, ignored repeated warnings from accountants, failed to restrain their expenditures, refused to make adequate provision for uncertainty, and then unexpectedly struck a financial hazard that plunged them so deeply into debt they could not recover.

The spectacle of the great Golden State, stopped dead in the economic water and slipping steadily beneath a sea of red ink, leaves one with an inexpressible sense of tragedy and awe.

In its annual survey of the fiscal competence of state governments, *Financial World* magazine in April rated California the "worst managed" state in the nation. This dubious distinction completed California's fall from 41st place in 1991 and 46th place in 1992. To add insult to injury, the editors explained, "you guys really deserved this."

In May, Wall Street financiers warned the California Debt Advisory Commission that California's deficit now exceeded that of New York City in the mid-1970s. Calling California's short-term debt "unprecedented," a vice president with Standard and Poor warned that Wall Street could not indefinitely lend billions for California's bulimic borrowing binge. California's bond rating, which had been triple-A through much of the Deukmejian administration, is now the fourth lowest in the nation and is under review for further downgrading.

Last year, an estimated 40,000 to 100,000 Californians abandoned the state in a frenzied evacuation of jobs and wage earners. Manufacturing jobs are disappearing at the rate of one per minute, and moving companies are swamped with out-of-state requests. One U-Haul agency in Agoura Hills reported receiving 35 outbound orders for every truck arriving. When Hughes Aircraft announced it was moving 3,000 jobs from the San Fernando Valley to Tucson, a company official noted that the cost of the entire move would be repaid in just three years from the savings of doing business in the Arizona desert's vastly more hospitable business climate.

CALIFORNIA'S FISCAL distress is no more the fault of the recession than the Titanic's sinking was the fault of the iceberg. Just as the Titanic's officers ignored repeated warnings of ice fields ahead, the state's officials continued to spend recklessly despite repeated warn-

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ings of the darkening economic situation. When George Deukmejian took office in 1983, California government's finances were a shambles, but the state's economy was sound. Inheriting a billion dollar deficit from the outgoing administration of Jerry Brown, Governor Deukmejian's first instinct — like most politicians elected on no-new-tax platforms — was to raise taxes. Nearly $1 billion of levies were exacted through imposition of the supplemental roll property tax that year. Legislative Democrats and the administration wanted still more, and only a Republican revolt in the Assembly blocked larger tax hikes. But Deukmejian and the state were fortunate. President Reagan's tax cuts and defense increases gave California's economy an extraordinarily favorable current, and the Brown deficit placidly disappeared in the wake of the first Deukmejian budget. The "Iron Duke" began touring the state bragging that he had steered California from "I.O.U. to A.O.K."

Deukmejian's phony parsimony played well with the public, but was largely unsupported by fact. During his eight years in office, while California's population increased 18 percent, state general fund spending grew 76 percent. When the Iron Duke's record-shattering 1986 budget was unveiled, a Republican legislator was heard to complain, "I guess we'd better spend this money before the big spenders get their hands on it."

The excesses of the Deukmejian administration pushed state spending and government expansion in all sectors full speed ahead into perilous waters. The number of state employees grew by 34,000 and salary increases far surpassed the private sector. Long term pension obligations expanded exponentially. New regulatory bureaucracies were created, including an unprecedented grant of power to the South Coast Air Quality Management District which soon became the very model of a bureaucratic Frankenstein's monster: a $100 million bureaucracy answerable to no one and financed entirely by the fines and fees it levies on local businesses. In a rare moment of candor, one of the governor's top lieutenants told reporters that Deukmejian didn't necessarily object to big government — only to big government that didn't work. The two, of course, are synonymous, which the near-sighted lookouts of the administration didn't see until it was too late.

By 1989, it was becoming apparent to anyone with a pocket calculator that the mounting obligations of California government would soon vastly exceed the ability of taxpayers to support them. At least Deukmejian maintained a 3 percent budget reserve: a "rainy day fund" for unforeseen emergencies like fires, floods, and earthquakes. But when an earthquake struck San Francisco in the fall of 1989, the state's finances had deteriorated so dramatically that he dared not tap the reserve for emergency expenses. Deukmejian instead used the opportunity to press for an $800 million increase in the state sales tax, much of which disappeared into the general fund.

By 1990, the only remaining semblance of fiscal discipline was the Gann spending limit, a voter-approved 1979 provision of the state Constitution that even liberal Democrats had embraced, never dreaming the stratospheric and expanding "limit" would ever actually be reached. But the Iron Duke had reached and exceeded it. Even so, like the repeated "ice fields ahead" messages ignored by the Titanic's Captain Edward Smith, this critical development was dismissed by the governor as a mere nuisance. Worse, he spearheaded the successful effort to blow the lid off the Gann limit with Proposition 111. At the time, the governor cited Proposition 98 as having "blown big holes" in the limit, implying we had little left to lose in that regard. He was wrong. Proposition 111 infinitely worsened the damage done by 98.

Deceptively labeled the "Transportation Improvement and Spending Limitation Act," Proposition 111 not only imposed $15.5 billion in new taxes over 10 years (chiefly for mass transit), it increased the state's total spending ceiling by an additional $53.3 billion for general fund purposes unrelated to transportation. This had enormous

STATE OF CALIFORNIA DEBT

A look at the state's debt, long term: General Obligation bonds (excluding Lease-Purchase debt) and short term: notes repaid in one year or less.

LONG TERM

	Issued	*Outstanding*
1987-88	$500.8 million	$8,007 million
1988-89	$1,140 million	$8,631.5 million
1989-90	$2,155.1 million	$10,231.9 million
1990-91	$2,956 million	$12,571.3 million
1991-92	$4,157 million	$15,946.7 million

SHORT TERM

	Issued	
1987-88	$2,100 million	
1988-89	$3,200 million	
1989-90	$3,000 million	
1990-91	$4,100 million	
1991-92	$4,100 million	(In addition, $475 million in Revenue Anticipation Warrants were issued in June and paid in July 1992.)

Source: State of California, Office of the Treasurer

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consequences in the battle against higher taxes. Among other things, the Gann spending limits were intended to limit tax increases, which were routinely justified as "necessary" to balance the budget. With spending curtailed by Gann, this excuse for raising taxes would be much diminished. By raising the spending ceiling astronomically, Proposition 111, of course, destroyed this brake on tax growth.

The proposition's supporters, however, assured voters that the new power to spend would not mean higher taxes because Republican legislators could always be counted upon to block the two-thirds vote needed to raise taxes. Based on these assurances, voters narrowly approved this vast new taxing authority. Five months later, Pete Wilson, running as a fiscal conservative, was elected governor.

When Wilson took the helm in January of 1991, the state was churning at a reckless speed into a dangerously deteriorating economy. State government was out of money and would end the fiscal year $1.3 billion in debt. New regulatory burdens imposed during Deukmejian's eight years in office, combined with record state and federal tax increases, had stopped the revenue growth that had fueled his government's blissful spending.

THE CHINESE write the word "crisis" by combining the characters for "danger" and "opportunity." The opportunity to reconstruct California government and change California history for the better was as immense as the danger of the state's impending economic calamity. At a similar climacteric 80 years before, California Governor Hiram Johnson by-passed a recalcitrant and special-interest dominated Legislature, took his case directly to the people, and with their support instituted a breathtaking range of reforms in an epoch that still bears his name. It was only for Wilson to exercise similar leadership to avert disaster for his state and secure an honored and revered place in its history.

For a fleeting moment, it appeared Wilson would respond to history's call for greatness. On January 10, 1991, the new governor, at the height of his popularity and with a united party behind him, faced a joint session of the Legislature, surveyed the fiscal situation, and warned:

> ... slow revenue growth and massively expanding expenditure increases could create over the next 18 months a deficit of more than $7 billion. Fortunately, you and I will not let that happen. However, if we did absolutely nothing to control programs and to erase this deficit over the next 18 months, the average family of four would see their state taxes go up by almost $1,000 per year. As an alternative, state sales taxes would have to increase by 42 percent. That simply is not fair — especially in a time of recession.

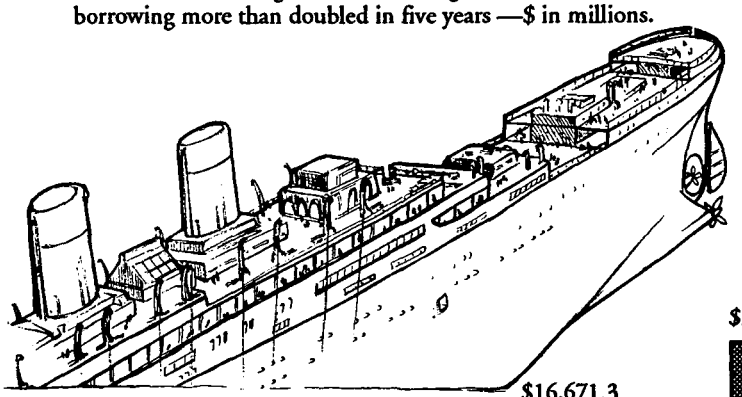
INDIVIDUAL REPUBLICAN legislators and taxpayer organizations responded with extensive lists of long pent-up reforms like those enacted by Massachusetts Governor William Weld and Michigan Governor John Engler, who faced similar budget crises that year. By March, $14 billion of spending cuts had been proposed; by April, $27 billion. Some required no legislation. Repealing California's prevailing wage, which requires contractors to pay unskilled labor on public works projects in excess of $25 per hour, would have saved nearly $200 million in public construction costs and required only administrative action of the governor.

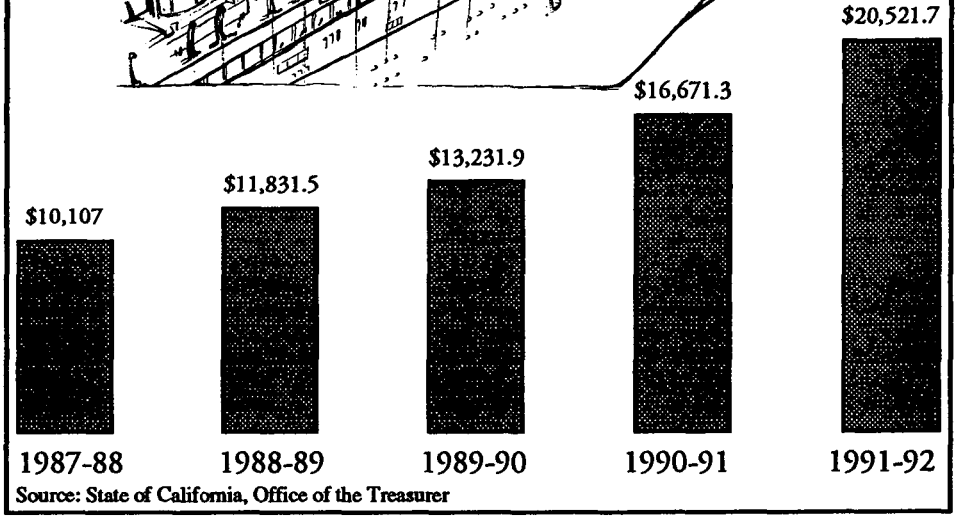
Unfortunately for California, the vast

(Please turn to page 34)

California Titanic — Sinking in Red Ink

California's combined long term outstanding debt and new short term borrowing more than doubled in five years —$ in millions.





Source: State of California, Office of the Treasurer

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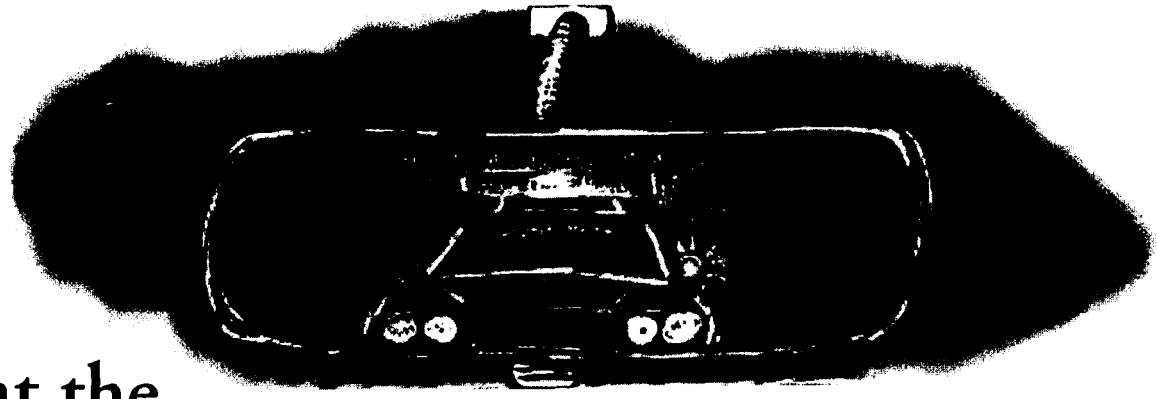

What the RODNEY KING Video *Didn't* Show

Sgt. Stacey C. Koon, L.A.P.D.
With Robert Deitz
Illustrations By Mike Shelton

IT WAS shortly before midnight on Saturday, March 2, 1991. I was just leaving the Foothill Station, early in my 11 P.M. — 7:45 A.M. morning shift, when the California Highway Patrol pursuit went down. A CHIP unit had a major chase under way.[1] It was just a few miles away. The CHIPs had radioed a request for LAPD help. Two of my units had responded and an LAPD police helicopter had been dispatched. I began paralleling the pursuit, based on what was coming over the police radio band. The chase was happening fast, 70, maybe 80 miles an hour and faster.

It had started as the CHIP cruiser approached the end of a long, steep descent of the 210 Freeway. The driver, Officer Melanie Singer, a three-year veteran of the California Highway Patrol, had first noticed the suspect vehicle's headlights in her rearview mirror. The headlights of the approaching car were rapidly narrowing the gap between it and the CHIP cruiser. That wasn't unusual, given the steep incline. Still, it looked to Melanie Singer as though the vehicle was traveling not just at an excessive speed, but at a speed that was unusually dangerous. She told her partner, Tim Singer, who was also her husband, about the approaching car. To get a handle on the vehicle's estimated speed, Melanie and Tim Singer decided to exit at the Sunland Boulevard off-ramp. Then they'd re-enter the freeway immediately to gauge the suspect auto's speed. By the time the CHIP cruiser got back to the 210 Freeway, the suspect car had passed the off-ramp and was almost out of sight. To Officer Melanie Singer, that meant it had to be traveling at 100 miles per hour plus. Melanie Singer floored the accelerator of the cruiser — her speedometer read 115 miles per hour — but she wasn't getting closer to the suspect, she wasn't narrowing the gap.

The suspect's vehicle began to jam up in traffic and slow down. It was the break Officer Singer needed to close in on it. She neared to within a couple of car lengths of the speeding suspect, her speedometer now reading 80 miles per hour. She should have slowed to a safer speed and distance, but Melanie Singer was too wrapped up in the moment. It was a dangerous reaction, one that marks an inexperienced officer. She was eager, too eager, to turn on the lights and siren and force a traffic stop.

It was a poor police tactic. Stopping at that point would have put her partner flush against a freeway sound wall (a high wall intended to confine the din of traffic to the roadway). This would have made it difficult for her partner to get out of the cruiser. It would have limited his ability to move and defend himself, if the need arose. Besides, Officer Tim Singer wanted to run a status check on the suspect's vehicle to see if it was stolen or involved in a recent felony. He waved his partner-wife away from forcing the suspect's vehicle to stop at that moment.

AS THEY approached the 118 Freeway Interchange — about three miles from where they first noticed the speeding vehicle — Melanie Singer turned on the lights and siren. The suspect didn't stop. Instead, he exited the freeway at Paxton Avenue. To make the exit, he had to turn sharply to the right across at

Sentencing is scheduled for August 4 for L.A.P.D. Sergeant Stacey C. Koon, the senior officer at Rodney King's March 3, 1991, arrest, and Officer Laurence Powell following their convictions in federal court on felony charges of violating King's civil rights. After Koon and Powell, with two other officers, were acquitted in state court, but before their federal trial, Koon wrote a book: Presumed Guilty, The Tragedy of the Rodney King Affair, *giving his account of the entire incident. This excerpt from the book's first chapter covers the events of March 3. Federal prosecutors have recommended that Koon receive a nine-to-11-year prison term and Powell from seven-to-nine years. This is Koon's side of the story.*

1. The California Highway Patrol is known as CHP to LAPD personnel. However, the CHP was popularized by the television show, CHIPs, a designation that is more familiar to most general readers. For that reason, CHP will become CHIP in this article.

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least three lanes of traffic — at over 80 miles per hour. At the end of the exit ramp is a stop sign, with a blind curve to the right on Paxton. The suspect ran the stop sign and turned left onto Paxton at 35 miles per hour, ignoring traffic signs and stop lights, and pursuing police vehicles. By now the chase was in the Foothill Division of the LAPD. It was my territory.

Lights blinking and siren howling, the CHIP cruiser exited the freeway close behind the suspect vehicle. Melanie Singer was excited by the pursuit and her adrenalin was pumping. CHIP assistance was rolling, but from a distance of 20 miles. The Singers needed help sooner. That's why they radioed for LAPD support. More help was on the way from two officers from the Los Angeles Unified School District Police who had observed the chase.

The suspect vehicle was making a large, horseshoe-shaped track of the city streets. Now it was paralleling the 210 Freeway on Foothill Boulevard. Melanie Singer had closed to within a car length and was staying on the suspect's bumper. At the intersection of Osborne and Foothill Boulevard, the suspect suddenly braked to a stop. Melanie Singer was caught off guard. She swerved to avoid a rear-end collision and stopped the cruiser alongside the suspect. Her partner-husband, Tim Singer, was directly beside the driver, whose name we learned later was Rodney Glen King (known to most of his friends as Glen, not Rodney). Officer Tim Singer and Rodney King stared at each other. Neither could fathom the other's intentions, although the CHIPs had made their wishes clearly known throughout the pursuit with lights flashing and siren howling.

The stop

MELANIE SINGER realized she had made a serious tactical error. Her partner was exposed, dangerously exposed, to the suspect. They were only about three feet apart. The driver of the 1988 white Hyundai Excel could have raised a pistol and made Melanie Singer an instant widow. So she shifted the car into reverse and backed away. The suspect suddenly gunned his car forward, starting the pursuit all over again. But he drove only about 50 yards before rolling to a stop. His vehicle came to a halt on the right-hand shoulder of a curved portion of Foothill Boulevard, only a few yards away from the foliage of Hansen Dam Recreation Park. He stopped because a cable was across the entrance to the park and he could go no further. The park, known as a very bad area for drug dealing and associated violence, was on the right in front of the gas station and liquor store. The park followed the curve along Foothill Boulevard and swept farther around to the right, almost enclosing the scene on two sides. It was the park that had us worried. Why had the suspect continued on to the park after stopping earlier? Were we getting set up?

Melanie Singer had stopped the CHIP cruiser directly behind King's car. The school police pulled up and stopped to the right of and slightly behind the CHIP cruiser. An LAPD unit that had caught up with the chase just before the pause at the Osborne intersection pulled in to the left of the Singers' cruiser. The police helicopter was overhead, its dazzling spotlight illuminating a scene already made garish by the flashing lights of three police cruisers.

The officers got out of their cruisers, guns drawn, and took cover behind their car doors. Tim Singer, still in the patrol car, attempted to use the CHIP cruiser's loudspeaker to order the three suspects out of the car and onto the ground in the felony prone position.

"GET OUT OF THE VEHICLE. HANDS UP. GET ON YOUR STOMACH. PUT YOUR HANDS BEHIND YOUR BACK. NOW! MOVE IT!"

But the Singers' vehicle was only a couple of feet from Rodney King's rear bumper, causing a shrill feedback of the cruiser's public address system that made Tim Singer's commands unintelligible. He dropped the useless microphone, stepped out of the car, and began shouting commands over the noise of the school police's siren, which hadn't been turned off. The rotor blades of the LAPD helicopter overhead added to the pandemonium. Meanwhile, another LAPD unit pulled up. These officers also got out with guns drawn. They shouted at the school police to turn off their siren. It was quickly done.

Tim Singer now yelled a command for the driver, Rodney King, to get out of the car. King didn't move. Frustrated, Tim Singer ordered the two passengers, later identified as Freddie Helms and Bryant Allen, out of the car and into the felony prone position. Helms and Allen quickly obeyed, getting on the ground, where they were eventually handcuffed without incident.

Tim Singer again shouted for King to get out of the vehicle. Now, slowly, King complied. But it was obvious that something was wrong. King seemed to be under the influence of either alcohol or a much stronger chemical agent. He had his own agenda. He was making light of a dangerous, potentially lethal situation. He danced around. He waved at the helicopter. Worse, he reached into his pockets, an exceptionally dangerous action since he hadn't been cuffed and searched and the officers on the scene had no idea whether he was armed. Not only were eight officers now there, all with guns drawn, but a crowd of civilians from the apartments across the street had begun gathering to witness the real-life drama. Traffic was backing up a block behind the scene, as motorists tried to see what was happening. Again, Tim Singer ordered Rodney King to get on his belly, face down, with his hands behind his back. King ignored the order.

Initial use of force

THAT WAS the tense situation when I arrived at the scene. I braked to a halt, pulling my squad car directly to the side of King's vehicle at a 45-degree angle about 20 feet away. That put the engine block between me and the scene, providing some protection if the suspect had a gun and wanted to start shooting. I got out of the car to survey what was going on.

This was when I made my first eye contact with Rodney King. He was by the open door of his vehicle, on his knees, swaying back and forth and from side to side. I estimated him to be a big man, very big, about six-feet, two-inches tall, and maybe 250 pounds. Even though he wasn't standing up, I could tell that he was huge.

Not only that, but he was "buffed out." That means he had enormous upper-body muscles — his torso had been pumped-up through rigorous, systematic exercise. It's a

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physical condition often associated with ex-cons, who have a lot of time to spend working out in exercise yards while they're in the slammer.

So my initial suspicions were that this guy was an ex-con and either drunk or on drugs. As it turned out, both hunches were correct. Rodney King was at the very least drunk. And later we learned he was an ex-con who, if convicted of the felony traffic offenses he'd been seen committing, could be returned to prison.[2]

Both of these were important suspicions — that the suspect was either drunk or on drugs, and that he was an ex-con. These were especially significant in view of what had gone on in the prior minutes of the chase. In 15 years as an LAPD cop, 13 of them on the street, I'd been involved in about 50 high-speed pursuits, most of them at night. Of these, only one or two had been a speeding offense only. All of the others had involved unrelated felony violations. Which means, of course, that this situation had to be approached as multiple traffic violations committed in connection with another, more serious crime, perhaps a burglary or, worse, an armed robbery or shooting incident. And remember this: my suspicion, based upon the evidence I had to work with at the time, was that this was an ex-con and therefore knew all the tricks to take out a police officer.

The lights from the cruisers and helicopter revealed that King was sweating. His muscular torso was beaded with perspiration that glistened in the artificial lighting from the helicopter and black-and-white headlamps. That was kind of weird. It was a cold night, yet this guy's sweating. Then he reached out, still on his hands and knees, and I thought he was going to go into the compliance mode for a felony cuffing. I thought he'd get on his belly, face into the pavement, hands behind his back. But King didn't do that. Instead, he started patting the ground — not like he was going to get on his stomach in a felony prone position, but like he did not know where the ground was, like he was feeling for something he couldn't quite reach.

He was 'buffed out.' That means he had enormous upper-body muscles — his torso had been pumped-up through rigorous, systematic exercise.

That struck me as more than peculiar too. "Why can't this guy find the ground he's kneeling on?" I thought to myself. Then he started talking gibberish. Not jabbering a real language, like English, Spanish, French, German, or any of the Asian tongues — Vietnamese, Laotian, Cambodian, or Thai — that I'd heard. Instead, it was a made-up language. He was mouthing unintelligible words, repeated over and over and over. I've seen it many times before. I'm beginning to get a bit concerned that we've got a "dusted" suspect here, not somebody just spaced out on booze or a drug like marijuana, but on something much more dangerous — like PCP.

What happened next increased my concern. What King now did was to crouch into the cocked position of a runner on the blocks or a football lineman getting in position to blitz an opposing tackle. I'm looking directly at this suspect, and he's looking at me — but he's looking through me. I've seen that look many times before. It's the look of somebody who's under the influence, specifically the influence of PCP. Now the suspicion that he's dusted gets stronger. But it still hasn't been confirmed.

King gave no hint that he was going to comply with the officers' orders to spread on the ground with his hands behind his back. But I had a backup plan for that. So I reached into my squad car for a TASER,[3] an electronic stun-gun that can fire two cassette cartridges, each capable of jolting a suspect with 50,000 volts of low-amperage electricity through wires that connect into clothing or skin with small darts. The manufacturers of the device have a film of the TASER in action. One cassette is shot into an adult bison and BOOM: the bison falls like it's been poleaxed.[4] I'd used a TASER hundreds of times, especially when on duty as a sergeant in the jail where you're not allowed to carry a weapon or tie up physically with a prisoner. In the jail, a TASER was our only defense against prisoners. It is a formidable, nonlethal tool.

I unholstered the TASER and returned to my position behind the engine block. Melanie Singer decided her command presence was required. She shouted at King to show her his hands. Recognizing the voice as female, King grinned and turned his back to Melanie Singer. Then he grabbed his butt with both hands and began to gyrate his hips in

2. At the time of this incident, Rodney King was on parole for robbery. In 1989 he had stuffed a two-foot-long tire iron into his jacket and used it as a weapon to rob a Korean storeowner in the Los Angeles suburb of Monterey Park. After buying a package of chewing gum, King ordered the storeowner to open the cash register, then struck him with a metal rod after he objected. King fled with about $200 but was quickly caught, tried, and convicted. He was paroled in December 1990 after serving half of a two-year term. Conviction for another offense would have meant a forced return to prison. Rodney King's prior record was less than clean. He was arrested in January 1989 for soliciting sex from an undercover Pasadena policewoman. Two years earlier, in 1987, he was sentenced to two years probation after pleading no contest to a misdemeanor battery charge filed by his wife. Earlier, in June 1983, at age 18, King was convicted of reckless driving after allegedly attempting to run over his future wife following an argument. And only two months later, in August 1983, he was convicted on a charge of trespassing, reduced from a theft charge, when he failed to pay for $251.87 worth of auto parts allegedly stolen from a Pep Boys outlet in Pasadena. Long before March 3, 1991, Rodney King was compiling a record as ugly as a mail-order suit.

3. The acronym stands for "Thomas A. Swift Electric Rifle," a wry use of the name of a fictional juvenile-book hero of inventive nature.

4. At the trial, one of the attorneys suggested we use the film as evidence. But my attorney and I feared we might have an animal-rights lover on the jury who might resent seeing a buffalo being TASED. As it turned out, we did have an animal lover on the jury. So the film showing a bison falling to his knees after getting TASED with one 50,000-volt charge and then toppling over like a bag of bricks was never screened for the Simi Valley jurors.

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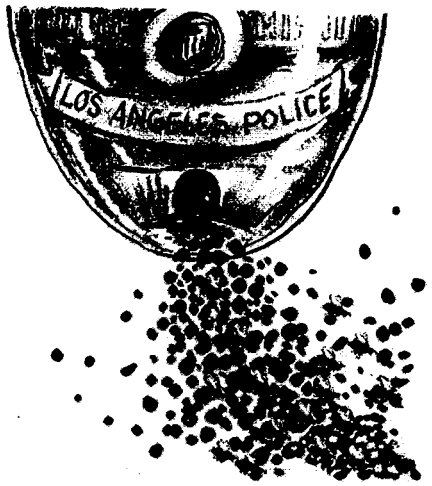

a sexually suggestive fashion. Actually, it was more explicit than suggestive. Melanie Singer wasn't so much fearful as offended. She was being mocked in front of her peers. She was a female officer and she would be damned if a suspect was going to make fun of her and be so blatantly disrespectful in front of other officers, one of them her husband. Control and common sense were cast aside. Melanie's Jane Wayne and Dirty Harriet hormones kicked in. She drew her pistol, and advanced to within five feet of the suspect.

HAD SHE proceeded, either she was going to shoot Rodney King, or he was going to take her gun away and shoot her. If not her, then he might shoot some other officer or a civilian bystander. By drawing her gun and advancing on the suspect, Melanie Singer was unnecessarily raising the level of force. I don't know what CHIP training is, but the LAPD won't permit an advance on a suspect with a gun. The idea is to de-escalate before pulling your gun, if possible. So I ordered her to stop, telling her that we would handle the situation. Although the CHIPs had initiated the pursuit, my two cruisers were the primary and secondary units on the scene. And the incident was now on LAPD territory. As far as I was concerned, LAPD was in charge, not the CHIPs. I quickly formed a tactical plan. "Put your guns away. Put your guns away!" I yelled.

The officers, all that I could see, holstered their pistols. Now deadly force was not imminent. I shouted at Melanie Singer to back away. I was the ranking officer on the scene, and she prudently obeyed my orders. Now, before using a TASER, I could go to the next part of my plan: a "swarm" on the suspect.

Through body language and verbal commands I ordered the four LAPD officers nearest Rodney King to surround him. The idea was to force him into the felony prone position through what's known as a "swarm." That means two officers would each grab an arm, and two others a leg. The suspect is then slammed down face first into the ground, his arms twisted behind the back, and the handcuffs put on. The "swarm" is a police device that has proved useful with thousands of violently reluctant suspects — white as well as black, brown, or yellow; women as well as men; and any combination of race or gender in between. It's a technique that is neither racist nor sexist. And it was within LAPD policies governing the use of force.

The question occurs: Why weren't more than four officers directed to take King down? When more than four or five officers are used to swarm a suspect, the extra bodies increase the danger of getting tangled up with the person you're trying to arrest. Then you might lose a wrestling match for a weapon. That's how somebody gets hurt, maybe even killed. It's why the LAPD has a stay-away policy for subduing violent suspects: you don't get physically entangled with a suspect unless it's absolutely unavoidable.

Powell and the three other officers had formed a semicircle around King. I indicated for them to flank this guy from the rear, for them to swarm him. But I specifically ordered them to back off if he resisted. Then I'd TASE the guy. I didn't want my cops tangling with the big guy I suspected was an ex-con and dusted with PCP.

The officers moved forward on King, who was in the runner-on-the-blocks position. Powell grabbed King's left arm. On the legs — I didn't know it at the time, but I do now — were Officer Ronaldo Solano who took the left leg and Officer Timothy Wind who took the right one. On the right arm was Officer Ted Briseno.

Officers Powell and Briseno were attempting to pull King's arms apart, but his arms were very rigid, straight in front of him like a couple of steel poles. Finally, King shoved his arms voluntarily. Then he went down, WHAM SPLAT face-first into the asphalt. Later evidence demonstrated that this may have been when Rodney King broke his cheekbone, an injury falsely ascribed to officers' batons. It's hard to tell precisely when King's cheekbone was fractured, because he went face-first into the asphalt three different times. At this point Rodney King did kind of a twist. Powell had his knee on King's back and was trying to twist his left arm back to be cuffed. Briseno was struggling to get King's right arm back for the cuffs. Officers Solano and Wind were on his legs. Then something happened that really scared me.

BECAUSE WHAT happened then is that Powell gets thrown off. Then Briseno gets thrown off. Now Rodney King's arms are out in front of him. He's thrown off two officers. He's kind of weaving left and right. It's moving quickly now — all of this happens in split seconds — then Rodney King shakes his legs and throws off Solano and Wind. I think to myself, "He's turned into the Hulk!"[5] The situation has turned deadly serious now. My officers are in immediate danger. No question of it.

Now Rodney King's on his knees, and I order the officers:

"BACK AWAY, BACK AWAY!"

That's part of the game plan, the tactic I had developed. If the guy starts to fight, back away, don't tangle up with him. That's how somebody gets hurt. Just back away and I'll TASE him. That's my tactic.

So we go to the next part of the plan. Now I know that the suspect is under the influence of PCP. If I had a suspicion before, now the suspicion is confirmed. It's not just a single piece of evidence but an accumulated body of knowledge, based on 13 years as a street cop.

It's not just the chase. That's over. It's not just the sweating on a cold night. I remember that, and how weird it is. It's not just the bizarre behavior, the dancing

5. Some minority leaders have criticized my description of a PCP suspect as having "Hulk-like" strength. They have suggested it has racial overtones. As I recall, Lou Ferrigno, the star of "The Incredible Hulk," is Caucasian, and his color was a greenish-blue tint when transformed into the "Hulk." If there is a racial connotation here it escapes me.

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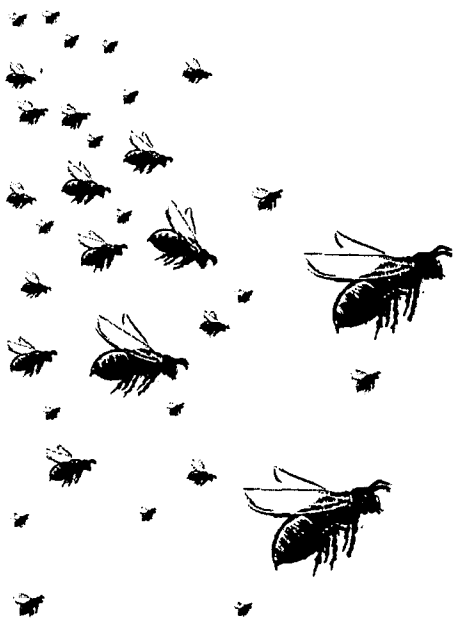
around, waving at the helicopter, shaking his butt at Officer Melanie Singer. That's all just part of the picture. It's not the glassy eyes, the gibberish he's been spouting. It's everything. Put it all together with the superhuman strength to throw off four cops — they're not small cops either — and bingo: you've got a PCP suspect. Now it's confirmed. He's got this Hulk-like strength. And you don't find all this with somebody who's not on PCP. I can't throw off four officers, and I don't know many people who can. And I'm getting scared.

Now I order all the officers away and I try to talk to Rodney King, I give him verbal commands. Verbalization — giving orders by voice — is an essential part of LAPD policy on using force. So I tell Rodney King to get down, get down in felony prone position, get on your belly and your hands behind your back, or I'm going to TASE you. "GET DOWN. LIE [sic] ON THE GROUND. GET YOUR HANDS BEHIND YOUR BACK! DO IT NOW OR I'LL TASE YOU!" I shout.

But he doesn't seem to hear. Instead, his torso's up, his legs are cocked, it looks like he's getting up to come after me or one of the other officers. And this is just after he's had his face slammed into the pavement and then thrown off four cops. "GET DOWN, LIE [sic] DOWN!" I shout again. "GET DOWN OR I'M GOING TO TASE YOU!"

But he kept moving up. And so I



TASED him. Got him right in the back. A nice spread with the darts. They don't have to touch the skin. All they have to do is hang up in the clothing. I've TASED people hundreds of times, and I know this TASER's working. I can see the darts hanging in his shirt, I can hear the activity of the TASER. It's zapping him with 50,000 volts. Rodney King is on his knees. He's kind of grimacing and making a bear-like groan. He sags briefly, then he starts coming up again. He has overcome the first TASER.

This thing isn't working like it's supposed to, like they teach you at the academy, and like I'd seen with hundreds of suspects. You TASE a guy and he's supposed to fall down like a bag of potatoes. That had mostly been my experience. Except with two kinds of people. One is a psycho and the other is somebody who's dusted on PCP. If I had any doubts about this guy's drug of choice, all of those doubts were gone now. Rodney King was wired better than the TASER.

But I didn't have anything else to work with in that split second. Now he's up on his knees again, he's turned 180 degrees and I order him again:

"GET DOWN OR YOU'RE GOING TO GET TASED!"

It's like talking to that bag of potatoes. Because Rodney King's up again. He's groaning like a wounded animal, and I can see the vibrations on him. I know the TASER's working, and he knows it's working, too. So I TASE him again, this time in the left side. The barbs strike King's torso. The TASER's rapid clicking sound begins. Another 50,000 volts, enough to put down a second buffalo. And this time the TASER's working again, too. I can see the vibrations, I can hear the sound of a TASER emitting its electrical discharge. Now Rodney King's down on the ground, and I'm thinking that maybe this guy's going to stay down and get in the felony prone position like we'd been ordering.

Once again, King let out a loud groan. Then, incredibly, he leaned to his right, braced himself on his right elbow, and began rising. The TASER hadn't stopped him. Two TASER blasts could put down two buffaloes, but Rodney King hadn't stopped. I yelled orders again for King to prone out on the ground. Again he ignored the command. King righted himself to a sitting position.

I kept shooting the TASER. This last burst of electricity seemed to work. Rodney King was now lying on the ground, and I believed he might be willing to comply with our orders. Even so, I yelled to the officers present, "Does anybody have another TASER?" It seemed a prudent thing to do, even if King appeared finally to be complying.

The videotape

NONE OF the officers had another TASER. But somebody — not an officer — did have a videocamera. It was George Holliday, a resident at the apartment complex across the street. He had just purchased a new camcorder and hadn't yet had a chance to try it out. The scene being played out about 50 yards across the street was a perfect opportunity to see what the videocamera could do at night. He began taping.

All that had already taken place — the challenge to Officer Melanie Singer, the refusal to obey lawful commands, the bizarre behavior, the gibberish language, the incredible act of strength in throwing off four officers, and, finally, the survival of two 50,000-volt shots of nonlethal electricity — none of this was captured on the Holliday videotape. The next 82 seconds, shot out of context and edited as a complete account of the arrest, would determine public reaction to the Rodney King affair, as it quickly became known.[6]

And even this vastly shortened account of the incident, given the media's interpretation, was misleading, leaving the public

6. After videotaping the incident, George Holliday approached the LAPD to learn what had happened and to offer a taped record of the incident. Rebuffed by the police — he apparently got a desk officer in a bad mood that day — Holliday went to KTLA Channel 5, which, after some negotiations, bought the tape for $500. Next to the purchase of Manhattan Island from the Indians for $24 in glass beads and trinkets, the $500 paid for the Holliday videotape must rank as one of the best bargains in American history. As soon as it was purchased by KTLA and shared with CNN, it became one of the most watched news videotapes in history, along with the explosion of the Challenger space shuttle and the funeral of President John F. Kennedy.

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with a completely skewed view of the entire episode.

More force

BUT KING was on the ground for only a second. After the second TASER blast, King continued to right himself. In an instant, he was on his feet. His arms outstretched, King rushed Officer Powell. If he had wanted to escape, there were plenty of avenues available. He could have fled across the street into the crowd of bystanders, or to his right into the park. But King didn't do that. He chose to collide into Officer Powell, and the two grappled for a split second. That's why all of the officers present interpreted it as an assault on a policeman instead of an attempt to escape. Powell was terrified; police officers get scared, too. He defended himself with his metal PR 24 baton, unleashing a furious series of power strokes. The first one hit King's collarbone. King was knocked to the ground, doing a one-point landing, face first, into the asphalt. This was the second time his face had been roughly introduced to the pavement, and most of us at the scene believe this is when the cheekbone was fractured.

But, incredibly again, King rebounded as if he hadn't been touched. He was back up on his knees, trying to rise again, and Powell continued to strike him in the arms, hoping to take out King's support so he'd fall back to the ground. The blows were coming perilously close to King's head, but I didn't want that. Powell was moving, King was moving, the baton was moving.

"DON'T HIT HIM IN THE HEAD!" I shouted to Powell. "DON'T HIT HIM IN THE HEAD!"

I believed that King, because of PCP intoxication, was an extraordinarily dangerous suspect. I wanted a managed, controlled use of force. I wanted LAPD policies and procedures followed. I did not want a group beat. I did not want officers injured by fellow officers, which is a frequent danger in a group beat.

So I decided to have only two officers, Powell and Wind, use force. As long as Rodney King failed to comply with the orders to get in a felony prone position, as long as he tried to get up and make another assault on an officer, Wind and Powell were to keep hitting him. King was ordered again to get down. I told him to lie down, several times. He refused and began rising again. Powell and Wind unleashed a series of strokes to King's torso, arms, and legs. Powell and Wind performed exactly as they had been trained to do. Bursts of powerful blows were applied, three or four at a time. But King was still getting up.

I activated the second TASER cassette a second time. Although its initial electrical discharge had been drained, the TASER retains a certain momentary, final burst of current that can be coaxed out. The TASER threw a new rush of voltage into King. Officer Briseno stepped in to warn away Wind and Powell. He was doing so because training at the Police Academy with the TASER is hands on. Recruits are TASED, and others are in physical contact with them. The result is that whoever's getting TASED and whoever's touching him at the time get zapped. They don't become unconscious; that's one of the benefits of the TASER. They just go down. Briseno was trying to keep Wind and Powell from going down from absorbing the TASER charge being applied to King.[7]

Then the officers stepped back to evaluate the effect the blows were having on the suspect. That's strictly procedure. It gives the officers an opportunity to determine whether the suspect intends to comply.

MORE IMPORTANTLY, the pause gives the suspect an outlet to avoid further blows by obeying the command to prone out, hands behind the back. These pauses are known as "pulsations" in police language. Yet they were interpreted by many viewers of the videotape as policemen simply taking turns beating an innocent suspect. That wasn't the case. They were following my orders and strict procedure: deliver the baton blows, then back off to see what effect they're having on the suspect. Are you beginning to get an idea about how your eyes can deceive you?

As long as King was lying still, making no effort to rise, he was not hit. He was commanded time and again to lie down flat, to put his hands behind his back. An enhancement of the George Holliday videotape later would reveal that 14 commands were issued in 82 seconds — an average of about one every six seconds. But King would not lie still. He kept trying to rise. Once, in one of the more tense moments that is captured in stark clarity on the Holliday videotape, King began rolling toward Officer Wind. Wind backed quickly away. He knew what was happening. Rodney King was doing the "Folsom Roll." To the casual viewer of the videotape, it appeared as though King were rolling away from the officers in an effort to avoid getting hit. But he wasn't being hit at the time.

King wasn't avoiding blows. He was rolling toward Officer Wind — he was doing the "Folsom Roll." Any LAPD cop who's dealt with ex-cons is familiar with the "Folsom Roll." Prisoners at California's Folsom Prison and correction units in other states have been photographed teaching it to one another in the prison yard. It's a technique for disarming an officer while proned out on the ground. The idea is to roll into an officer and tangle up his legs, then reach up and grab a gun belt and holster while the officer is off-balance. Then the officer is down and the suspect has the weapon. You can see where that leads. Although a probationer on the LAPD, Tim Wind had several years' experience under his belt as a police officer in Kansas. He recognized the "Folsom Roll" when he saw it. So he wisely backed out of King's reach, then moved forward to deliver a series of powerful strikes to King's arms and legs.

By now King had been subjected to a torrent of baton violence, at least 25 blows or more.[8] I had monitored the action of the officers and King's reaction. I was flabbergasted. Rodney King had demonstrated a complete lack of pain. It was as if his entire body had been anesthetized. My officers and I exchanged glances of amaze-

7. Later, at the trial, Briseno claimed that he was trying to restrain Wind and Powell from beating King further. The jury didn't buy that argument anymore than I, Powell, or Wind did. Briseno wasn't trying to stop the violence; he was trying to prevent the TASER charge from hitting Powell and Wind.

8. In his suit against the city of Los Angeles, Rodney King and his attorney claimed that 56 blows were struck and King sought compensation of $1 million for each hit, or $56 million in all. A count from the Holliday videotape indicates that 33 blows were struck, and 23 missed. The misses aren't a compliment to LAPD training with the baton. But the point is this: the numbers aren't really important, since King's claims of innocent injury were and are, at best, self-serving.

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ment. We were astonished. We had never seen anything like it before. We had never encountered a suspect who could absorb the number of power strokes Rodney King had taken to his legs, arms, and torso and not show any pain. This was a nightmarish reality, completely contrary to our training.

I REALIZED another plan of action had to be taken. I considered another swarm, but rejected it immediately. In the first place, the prior swarm hadn't worked. Rodney King was superstrong. There was no way I would risk the officers' safety by tying them up again with King. Besides, the officers were getting fatigued. And they probably would have told me to go to hell. I wasn't about to risk disobedience from my officers because of a stupid order. In addition to being swarmed, King had been TASED and batoned. The next level of force was deadly — either a chokehold or pistol. I wasn't comfortable with either option. The chokehold had been classified as deadly force, equal to a pistol, because of pressure from Los Angeles's minority communities, who believed it was used too frequently on blacks and Hispanics. And I had already dismissed the use of a pistol. I wanted to avoid the possibility of unnecessarily escalating the incident. But something had to be done. Rodney King was on the rise again.

"What can we do?" I asked myself in that split second. We had gone through the entire use of permissible force, from officers' presence through verbal commands, the swarm, TASER, and baton. Nothing had worked. All the tools from the grab bag of tricks the LAPD had given me to subdue a resisting suspect had been used.

I was about to turn to deadly force and order a chokehold on King — an action that would have ended the entire affair in about 15 seconds if it had been employed with the initial swarm — when another option occurred to me.

Maybe if the officers worked their batons on King's joints — his wrists, elbows, knees, and ankles — he would comply. I didn't like this option. I knew it would be even more painful than the prior blows. I knew it could cause serious injury, perhaps even cripple the suspect. But I was in a dilemma. Do I order the joint blows or move on to deadly force? I had to make an immediate decision. I opted to go with the risk of severe pain and potentially serious injury to the suspect. He might be crippled, but at least the guy wouldn't be dead. So I issued the order.

"HIT THE JOINTS!" I shouted. "HIT HIS WRISTS! HIT HIS ELBOWS! HIT HIS ANKLES! HIT HIS KNEES!"

Wind and Powell followed the orders and began power-stroking the suspect. I didn't see every blow that landed, but I do know that King was struck multiple times on his joints. Larry Powell began to reach for his cuffs. Then Briseno noticed that King was reaching in his waistband, where weapons ordinarily are concealed. That's when he stepped forward to deliver a sharp

kick to the upper middle of King's shoulders, right between the shoulder blades, to stop him from reaching into his trousers. Powell and Wind started hitting King again, as ordered. Also, Tim Wind was kicking King, trying to keep him down. It wasn't so much a kick as it was a shove, with his feet, to get Rodney King down on the ground. King went prone, but then again tried to rise. After a few seconds, King got to his knees, raised his hands above his head, and said, "Please stop."

Those were the first intelligible words he had uttered. The strategy had worked. I directed the officers to stop hitting the suspect, and the blows ceased. But I wasn't happy with King's compliance. He was on his knees, still able to attack us or flee. He still had his hands free — and hands can kill. His feet were still free — and he could kick us. He could also still see the officers — and I didn't want him to be able to see us, to be able to form a plan to assault us or escape. What I wanted was for Rodney King to be prone on his stomach, face down on the ground, his heels flush against the pavement, his feet at 45-degree angles, and his hands behind his back, cuffed.

He wasn't doing what I wanted or what I had ordered. But at this point I was willing to take anything I could get from Rodney King. So I interpreted his action as compliance. I had been in charge of the officers, but Rodney King had been in control of the situation. Now, I chose to see his actions, unsatisfactory as they were, as an indication that he was turning control of the situation over to the officers he had been resisting.

Ted Briseno moved in to cuff him. King began to struggle and resist. But now more LAPD officers were on the scene, eight of them. I ordered the officers to swarm King. They did so, in one of the sloppiest swarms I'd ever seen. King was forced to the ground and his face once again smashed into the asphalt, for the third time. But Rodney King was finally double-cuffed, up behind his back.[9] I directed that we use a nylon rope to tie up his ankles, then connect that rope to his wrists in what is known as the "hog-tie" position.

At last Rodney King was controlled and in custody. He was no longer a danger to himself, to the officers, or to the community. I ordered King to be removed from the roadway, and had an officer request an ambulance for the suspect so he could be taken to a hospital for medical treatment. The treatment was necessary, not because we'd hurt him, but because it's mandated by LAPD procedure. The officers present began to joke and laugh, a sign of relief. It wasn't the joviality of a party atmosphere. It was the release of the pressures of the incident. It was gallows humor. The officers had faced a very stressful situation and prevailed. They were on a high.

AFTER THE ambulance had come for King, we dealt with the two passengers in the car, Bryant Allen and Freddie Helms. We checked them for outstanding warrants. There were none. So there was no reason to hold them any longer. They were uncuffed and released. Allen and Helms later filed a lawsuit against the city of Los Angeles, claiming they had been "traumatized" by witnessing the beating of Rodney King. On the Phil Donahue Show and other programs, appearing as instant celebrities following the King videotape, Allen and Helms insisted that they believed

9. This is standard operating procedure for a suspect believed to be on PCP. "Dusted" suspects have been known to break one pair of perfectly good handcuffs.

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the incident was premeditated. They spoke of the psychological pain they'd felt from seeing their friend, Rodney King, beaten by the police.[10] If, indeed, they were "traumatized," neither gave a sign of it that night. Allen and Helms got "traumatized" only after they had become talk-show celebrities pursued by lawyers sniffing an opportunity to cash in on the widespread publicity. "Trauma," it seems, is something that can sneak up on you when the scent of a lawsuit is in the air.[11]

The hospital

AT PACIFICA Hospital, where the ambulance had taken him, Rodney King was in leather restraints that bound his hands and feet securely, preventing any aggressive action. The restraints had been ordered by the Emergency Room physician, Dr. Antonio Mancia, because the hospital staffers considered King to be a dangerous patient. They didn't want him exploding into a drug-induced rage while being examined for injuries. The leather restraints were a safeguard in addition to the presence of several officers.

I asked Dr. Mancia for an assessment of King's injuries. The doctor's diagnosis confirmed my belief that King was dusted. He diagnosed King's condition as "(1) PCP overdose and (2) facial lacerations, superficial."[12]

The examination of King's injuries showed that he had a bloody mouth from an interior cut on his lip, and swelling and abrasions on his right cheek. King was mentally aware of where he was and what had happened. He didn't complain of any pain and didn't appear to be seriously injured. I had expected to find numerous broken bones and severe bruises and swelling, but the doctor's visual examination revealed only minor injuries.

I was in a state of disbelief. "PCP is some heavy duty stuff," I thought to myself. Based on the doctor's assessment, my log entry stated that King's injuries were minor. After all, he'd been examined by a doctor. There was no need for me to speculate, not when I had a professional opinion for my log.

I stayed at the hospital about an hour, continuing to monitor King. It appeared that he had recovered from whatever drug he was using. He was going to have to be booked because he was a felony evader. But the jail won't accept PCP suspects. So he had to go to the Los Angeles County-USC Medical Center (LACUSCMC). On the 13th floor is the hospital ward where jailed offenders requiring medical supervision are held.

That was the last I saw of Rodney King that night. He was taken to LACUSCMC by Officers Powell and Wind without incident and examined by Dr. David Giannetto about 6:30 A.M. The exam indicated that King had bruises and soft-tissue swelling on the right side of his face. There were some facial lacerations on his right cheekbone area and right side of the chin; these had been sutured at the Pacifica Hospital emergency room. His jaw was intact. No teeth were loose. He had a good range of motion in his neck, and it was not tender. The lungs were fine, heart normal. He had bruises on his chest and back. There were no internal injuries.

Dr. Giannetto said King was neurologically sound, mildly intoxicated but able to provide his name, date, time, and what was happening. The only injury requiring treatment wasn't discovered until almost 24 hours after the Foothill arrest. It took that long for X-rays to be examined. The X-rays disclosed a small, spiderweb-like fracture to his fibula, a small, non-weight bearing bone in the right leg. Rodney King was placed in a short leg cast and put on crutches. The X-rays also revealed a fractured right cheekbone, but no treatment was rendered. That is customary with this injury; it usually heals itself quickly.

A urinalysis test for PCP usage was negative. But, as Dr. Giannetto testified later at the trial, the results of that test were inconclusive. According to Dr. Giannetto, that was because a negative urine test could not reveal the presence of PCP if the urine had a high alkaline content, as Rodney King's did. Also, PCP apparently can be stored in fatty tissues of the body for years, then released when the body draws upon stored energy to support unusual physical activity — like resisting arrest. Medical authorities say it is possible for some users to have a PCP flashback years after taking the drug only once. So even if Rodney King hadn't popped some PCP that night, he still could have had a flashback if he'd ever taken the drug in his adult life.[13] And if he had such a flashback, it wouldn't have shown up in a blood or urine test, anyway.

It was remarkable that Rodney King hadn't been hurt worse than he was. Our use of force was unusually powerful. But he had come through it without serious injury. He hurt, but he was alive and in custody. Neither were any officers injured. And that's what a cop's use of force is supposed to accomplish.

AT THE station, while Rodney King was undergoing further examinations at LACUSCMC, I completed my log entry on the incident. The entry related what had happened as you have just read it. I concluded the log entry on the Rodney King arrest with this notation:

IMPORTANT NOTE FOR R/C [roll call] TRAINING — ALWAYS HAVE A B/U [back-up] WITH A USE OF FORCE. IT DOESN'T ALWAYS IMMOBILIZE. PR 24 [baton] DOESN'T ALWAYS CRIPPLE, ETC. IF YOU DON'T HAVE A FRAME OF REFERENCE, OFFICERS TEND TO PANIC WHEN THINGS DON'T WORK THE WAY THEY'RE SUPPOSED TO. A B/U PLAN PREVENTS PANIC. AND IT DON'T [sic] HURT TO HAVE LOTS OF B/U — ESPECIALLY WITH PCP SUSPECTS. CPR

10. Never mind that Allen and Helms were face down on the ground on the other side of King's vehicle, their hands cuffed behind them. The two were unable to see anything of the incident or hear anything other than our repeated commands for Rodney King to get on his belly and put his hands behind his back.

11. Freddie Helms was killed in an alcohol-related automobile accident shortly after March 3, 1991.

12. Pacifica Hospital ER Record 579511, March 3, 1991.

13. A test using hair samples can determine whether PCP has ever been used, but that test was not administered at the hospital. Today, King's attorney will not permit the test to be taken. One would imagine that if such a test would prove King free of the substance, his attorney would be eager to have it substantiated.

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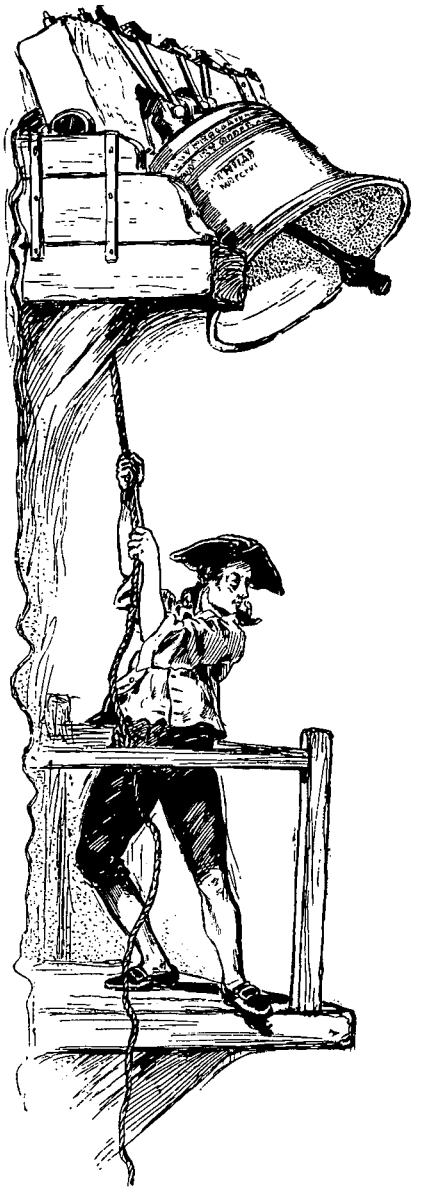

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Criticus

Take Us to Our Ghetto

G. B. Tennyson

IT MIGHT seem an act of journalistic onanism to spill more ink on a subject so extensively covered in the press as the recent spat over the establishment of a Chicana/o Studies Department at UCLA. Even inconstant readers and sporadic television viewers will numbingly recall that after all the posturing in a tent city on the UCLA campus and all the sound bites from haltingly articulate students, from chancellor and vice-chancellors, the upshot was one of those face-saving accommodations that enabled both sides to claim victory while leaving most outsiders mildly confused about what had really happened.

After an alleged fast of 14 days, nine (count 'em, nine) hunger-strikers, their supporters and hangers-on, and their various spokesmen, ranging from state assemblymen to an all-purpose citywide Latino busybody, were rewarded for their pains with not *quite* the creation of a full-scale *Department* of Chicana/o Studies but with the creation of a *Center,* specifically the Cesar Chavez Center for Interdisciplinary Instruction in Chicana and Chicano Studies.

ACCORDING TO this formulation a center is held to be more than a program (which already existed) but less than a full-scale department (which was demanded), hence a victory for both sides. Or, seen another way, a failure for both. The administration did and did not concede; the strikers did and did not succeed. Take your choice. In these matters, as in all politics these days, perception is everything.

The really interesting points about this entire charade are those that weren't reported or appeared only in the small print or in obscure feature stories. These are enough like Evelyn Waugh for us to think of this whole enterprise as a kind of Southern-California-style *Black Mischief.* For your delectation Criticus offers ruminations on a few of these, first in the form of little known sidelights and carnival acts, and second in the form of some unasked questions, all concluding with the real meaning behind the entire rumpus.

SIDELIGHTS AND SIDESHOWS

AT THE time of the protest the 20-year-old Chicana/o studies program had, officially, a total of 50 majors, of which 17 are said to have dropped the program, leaving 33, which as a percentage of students at UCLA works out to about one-tenth of one percent. The budget for the existing program is $272,000 per year, or just under $8,250 per major, though of course others than majors take some of the courses. The protesters demanded a 15-faculty department with a $2 million budget, about a 735 percent increase, this at a time of severe budget cuts for the entire university.

In the existing Chicana/o studies program, 55.3 percent of all upper-division grades are A-, A, or A+. Only Asian American Studies at 64.6 percent A's has a more gifted enrollment, but African-American Studies is closing in fast with 51.8 percent of its grades being A's. (For comparative purposes it may be helpful to know that the largest majors on campus seem to attract less brilliant students; their percentages of A's weigh in as follows: English — 32 percent; History — 32.7 percent; Political Science — 33.3 percent; and Psychology — 34 percent; down among the dullards we find students of biology who gain only 24.5 percent A's.)

The nine hunger strikers were composed of an assistant professor of biology in the UCLA Medical School (teaching, we trust, Chicano biology), three female and two male UCLA students (unknown whether they are Chicana/o studies majors

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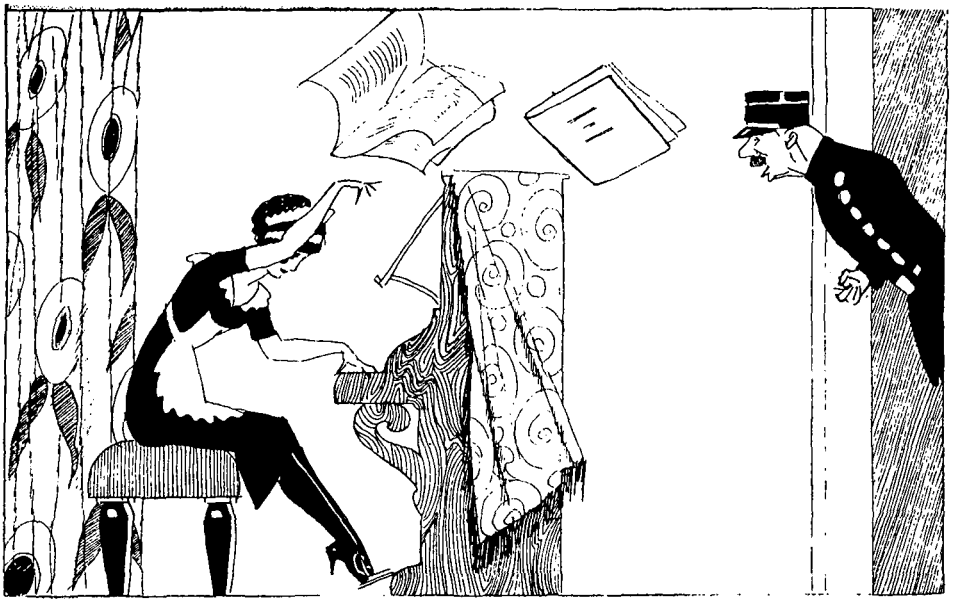
or not), the 16-year-old high school student sister of one of the above students, a male student from Mexico, and an otherwise unidentified 52-year-old man.

These heroes/heroines prominently displayed the flag of Mexico in Schoenberg Quad, the scene of the tent city, but not the flag of the United States. Also to be seen there were the Cuban flag and the quasi-Nazi-like flag of the United Farm Workers. *Viva das Volk!*

At an earlier demonstration, following the vandalizing of the UCLA Faculty Center by the Chicano protesters, counter-demonstrators appeared carrying signs with such legends as "Dutch Studies Now." Their signs were trashed and they were saved from physical assault only by the intervention of the campus police. They were not photographed by the valiant media.

AS FOR the media otherwise, they supinely observed the strictures regarding questions, times, and number of reporters permitted near the protesters. Bill Boyarsky of the *Los Angeles Times* grumbled a bit about this, as well as about the "air of reverence" adopted by protesters using hushed voices as though at a religious service. The timely appearance of a grizzled Sixties Berkeley protester, however, soon restored Boyarsky to politically correct fettle so that he could cast a long romantic eye down the corridors of history to the Shoshones and other noble savages and see that it was all part of a divine plan. (It's never quite clear in these rambles down history's memory lane when we are supposed to stop and pronounce this group or that one the rightful owners of the land. Myself, I'd like to see the King of Spain in charge again.)



The protesters, as Ruben Martinez reverently reported in the *Times,* refashioned "UCLA's Schoenberg Plaza, named after a dead European composer, into Plaza Aztlan, heart of the mythical indigenous nation Chicano activists have long dreamed of." Golly.

In that same publication an unctuous profile-in-courage article on the 16-year-old high school student protester featured her devouring a Hershey chocolate bar with almonds at the end of the fast. Perhaps, considering her age and inexperience, she is to be forgiven such oppressors' food. (Chocolate was an Aztec favorite, of course, though hardly as made by Mr. Hershey, but almonds are Eurocentric. As it turned out, she didn't eat the almonds anyway because her stomach couldn't handle them yet. What a trouper!) Others forbore ingesting anything non-liquid until "the evening fiesta at which they ate tortillas dipped in salsa."

For her hunger pains the Hershey-bar-eating-protester "earned" herself, by one account, the Aztec name of Ixtlapapyotl: "Heart of the White Butterfly." Another commentator has it that she denominated herself, on her own, Chilictlixatl, also meaning "Heart of the White Butterfly." This abundance of terms to mean the same obscure thing suggests an almost morbid interest among the Aztecs or Nahuatls in the hearts of the white butterflies, or just possibly confusion among the protesters as to the actual meaning of these tongue-twisters. Another protester was apparently rechristened or self-named Chitlichicoshayotl meaning "Seventh Rain from the Heart that Heals." Perhaps the new non-department will address itself to the teaching of indigenous dead languages so we can straighten this out.

QUESTIONS AND PUZZLEMENTS

WHY DID the media not inquire, or point out if they knew, that UCLA Chancellor Charles Young, in deciding against a separate department, was acting on the advice of numerous faculty committees and panels over the years, that is, on academic advice that a Chicana/o Studies Department was *aca-*

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WATCHED WORDS

The Looming Terror

AS LONG ago as the fall 1990 number of *CPR*, followed by the first "Watched Words" in Winter 1991, Criticus alerted constant readers to the looming terror of academic political correctness, a topic that was just being broached in advanced circles but that has since become a cliché. Indeed, notice of it has spread so widely, the jokes about it have become so obvious, that "Watched Words" has seemed superfluous and has been in quiet retirement for several issues now.

But the loony left never sleeps, and it never takes notice of unanswerable criticism. And often the right too complacently laughs off the grosser instances of left lunacy. Still, it came as a surprise recently to read in a column by William F. Buckley that he had not previously encountered the use of the word *chair* to mean *chairman* and that his use of *chairman* in addressing a female raised hackles and led to a severe reprimand of the noted wordsmith by a militant chairbeing. Where has he been, one wonders? Obviously not moving in academic circles where *chair* is now so firmly established that signs reading "Chair's Office" or statements such as "The Chair told me" elicit not the slightest glimmer of surprise or perplexity. No one on campus (other than Criticus), upon encountering such signs or statements, any longer envisions a room occupied solely by a chair or a chair uttering administrative profundities. Like the words that mean their opposites recently listed in a *Time* essay, we all now know that a chair doesn't mean a chair, it means a person.

One thing, however, that *chair* reminds us of in our bemused observation of the PC Follies is that certain revisionist terms have more staying power than others and are quickly adopted into the linguistic mainstream by the ever-pliant media. Therefore it remains the duty of a vigilant Criticus to point them out,

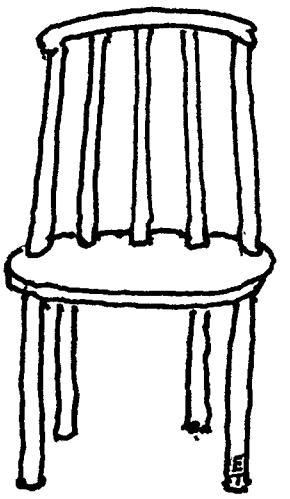

Illustration by Elizabeth Tennyson

while leaving such palpable nonsense terms as "melanin impaired" (*i.e.*, white skinned) to fade away, so to speak, in a wash of gentle derision. Hence this occasional revival of "Watched Words."

Two Worth Watching

Two terms that bear watching have recently fixed themselves on the newspaper and magazine pages and on your local television newscaster's lips. The first is the less offensive of the two, namely, "workers' compensation." The person (formerly "man") on the street may still speak of "workmen's compensation," but all *bien pensant* commentators have degendered workmen to workers. It lacks euphony certainly, suggesting bees more than humans, but it can be lived with if you are of an accommodating nature. On the verbal offensiveness scale of one to 10, it rates a mere five.

Much higher on that scale and definitely to be resisted is the emergence in and around Memorial Day of that hitherto unheard of national shrine "The Tomb of the Unknowns." This sounds like a title of a B-movie sequel to "The Night of the Living Dead" but is in fact the quietly renamed "Tomb of the Unknown Soldier" in Arlington National Cemetery. No doubt the reasons for this change (who did it and under what authority?) are numerous.

Pat Schroeder Tailhooked?

FIRST, THERE is more than one unknown soldier buried there. But then, one could call it the Tomb of the Unknown Soldiers. Was the reason then, perhaps, that a given unknown body is that of an airman or seaman, not necessarily a foot soldier? If that were all, we could move to "Tomb of the Unknown Warriors." But surely the most important reason for the change is that words like soldier and warrior suggest a male person, and airman and seaman positively scream male to the politically correct ear. (The latter term seems to scream it twice over.) What if the unknown body were that of a WAC or WAVE — or Pat Schroeder tailhooked while dressed as Michael Dukakis in a tank? No, it wouldn't do to imply that only men have fought and died unknown. It might discourage women from wanting to be combat soldiers, so that they too could be injured and mutilated beyond recognition and placed under the mournful, memorial gaze of Robert E. Lee atop the hill at the Custis-Lee Mansion.

Hence the ghoulish formulation "Tomb of the Unknowns." Just be sure when you go through the place at night that you're whistling "Dixie."

— *Criticus*

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demically unsound? How do faculty members who labored on such committees feel about faculty governance now? There's one born ....

Why did no faculty members who teach in the existing Chicana/o Studies Program participate in the hunger strike? Why did the protesters not call upon them for solidarity?

Why was not a single faculty member in the existing program sought out and interviewed by the media? Were they hiding out? What do they know that the protesters don't know?

Why name a studies center after a Dead American Male? Why not name this new venture the "Ixtlapapyotl-Chilictlixatl/ Chitlichicoshayotl Center for Chicana/o Studies"? At least the youthful bearers of these names, despite rumored possible liver damage from their fast, are likely to live a while. Presumably, they'll last long enough to give some other female a chance to distinguish herself in the cause so that, upon the deaths of Ixtlapapyotl-Chilictlixatl and Chitlichicoshayotl, the center could be renamed for another live female hero. And then renamed again at *her* death. And so on forever, to insure that the center will *always* bear the name of a *living Chicana woman.* (Rigoberta Menchu is reserved for the forthcoming Central American Studies Center, so keep your hands off that.)

And one last inquiry: If Chicana/o studies are to be linked to Aztec culture, can we hope to see human sacrifice in the Plaza Aztlan?

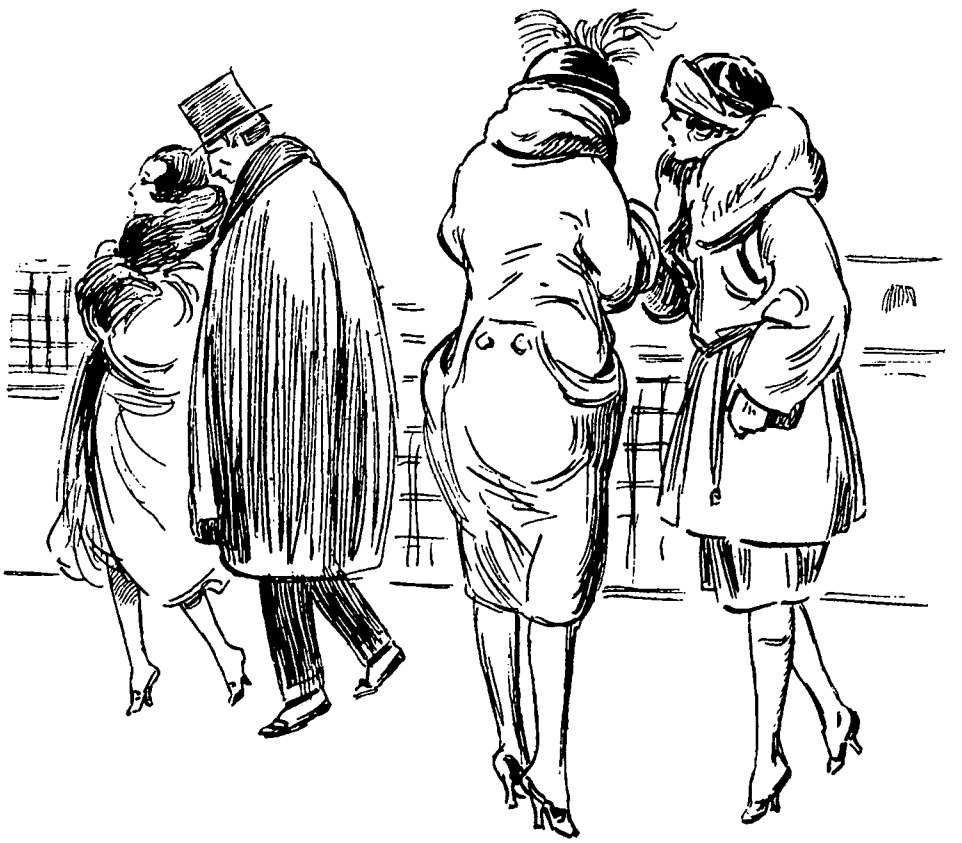
Answers — or — Questions Again

Enough of these amusements, gentle readers. Amidst much else that is clear out of all this playacting, a few points should perhaps be made here, lest they not emerge clearly.

First. Tantrums work. Never more so than with liberals. Never more so than with academic liberals. There were in fearsome truth faculty members making their way with pained expressions across the picket lines into their previously trashed (and wholly innocent, as if that mattered) faculty center, stopping to sign petitions for a Chicana/o Studies Department and expressing grave concern about the health of the protesters. For comparable fatuity (unless he was being ironic) consider the chancellor's statement at the conclusion of the incident in which he expressed hope that the protesters could get back to class. All five of them?

So, tantrums work, which is why children throw them for indulgent adults. In turn, the adults get what they deserve. UCLA deserves a Chicana/o Studies Department, as well as all the other ethnic studies departments that will now be demanded and probably established without hunger strikes. The Deng Xiaoping Center for Chinese-American Studies, located in the New Tiananmen Square quad opposite Plaza Aztlan. The Khmer Rouge Center for Cambodian Studies ... the Ho Chi Minh Center ... you get the idea.

But the lingering question that is bound to fester in the minds of thoughtful readers remains: why should there be such departments? *Cui bono;* who benefits? The official answer is that they represent the multiculturalism of which California in particular and the nation in general should be proud. An altogether different answer that goes much farther towards addressing all



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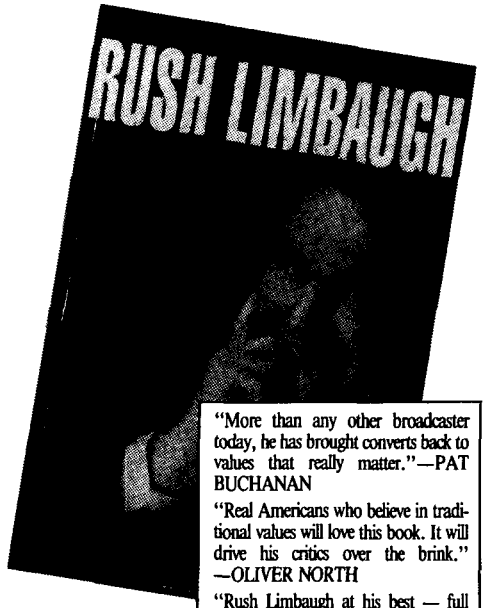

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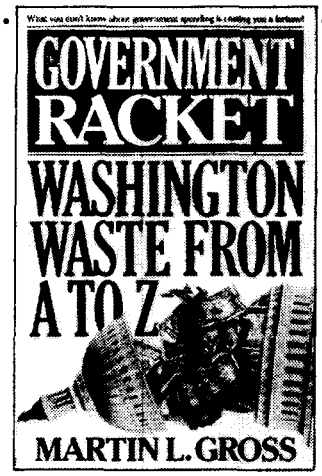

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the questions raised above is that academic multiculturalism is a form of self-ghettoization, but one that creates a privileged rather than a punitive enclave, a land of lotus-eaters who believe that intellectual "slumber is more sweet than toil":

But they smile, they find a music centred in a doleful song
Steaming up, a lamentation and an ancient tale of wrong,
Like a tale of little meaning tho' the words are strong.

Whether called departments or not, group and ethnic studies centers are political rather than academic constructs, conceded to by academics almost always under pressure to placate, buy off, co-opt, and otherwise neutralize a militant interest group while still keeping one's political credentials correct. At some level everybody knows this, which is the answer to why the most directly affected faculty watched this parade from the sidelines, and why they will find reasons that they should stay in their original academic departments, unless they too want to vegetate in an academic dead end, or worse, run the risk of being ousted for insufficient revolutionary zeal. It is also the answer to why the vast majority of the large number of Latino students on campus are not Chicano studies majors and did not swamp Plaza Aztlan in a show of support. It is the answer to why the media never sought an in-depth examination of the issues, though at least a few radio talk shows, to their credit, sought to address it, even if they succeeded only in attracting an even larger than usual proportion of the uninformed among their callers.

Some, of course, will make political gains out of this, and already have, but more of the beneficiaries will entertain themselves by majoring at considerable public expense in feel-goodism: Build us more stately ghettos, O ye taxpayers, we will not wander more. CPR

BOOKS

'Child-Centered' Education

What Are We Trying To Teach Them Anyway? A Father's Focus on School Reform, by Ronald K. Pierce, ICS Press (Institute for Contemporary Studies), San Francisco, 1993, 176 pages, $19.95, cloth.

Reviewed by Amy MacDougall

AFTER READING this book, I digested this June 16, 1993, newspaper headline with a healthy skepticism: "Program aims to boost math, science education." The article under it described a new multi-million-dollar "child-centered" educational program in Los Angeles County designed to "improve teachers' skills" at a new institute concentrating on math and science. The program also offers teacher internships in industry and at universities and will equip schools with "technology learning stations" — "computers and telecommunications gear" — without which math and science apparently can no longer be learned.

But having read *What Are We Trying To Teach Them Anyway?*, I thought: It seems most of the money will be spent on making *teachers* more skilled. "Our teachers know a lot about content," the newspaper quotes a county education office spokesman as saying, "but what they have not had is sophisticated training in how to teach kids in this problem-solving, hands-on manner." Will *any* help be directed to the children, I wondered?

Having read this book, I can imagine its author, Ronald K. Pierce, heaving a sigh after reading about yet another such "child-centered" program. Pierce considers a program child-centered when, of all people, the *student* decides to learn math or science (or whatever) because it relates to something real in his own life. He says American education typically follows a teacher-centered approach with day-to-day lessons dictated to children without regard for their aptitudes for learning, for assuming the responsibility of *choosing* to learn, or for mobilizing their desire to learn. He contrasts his own difficult experiences in school with the enjoyment and excitement he felt in reading and learning on his own. " ... the puzzle for me was, Why did learning in school seem so dull and confrontational when learning on my own was so much fun?"

A father of three, Pierce began clarifying his ideas about education following a series of disturbing events beginning in 1989. First, there were the suicides of several young people in his home town of Denver — a rare incident 25 years earlier when he was a teen-ager. He wondered: did their experiences at school contribute to these suicides and to the wide variety of destructive behavior that attracts young people today?

THEN, EDUCATIONAL specialists at his own children's public school said his nine-year-old twin boys were suffering from an "emotional development disorder" and should undergo counseling. Pierce says the educators were sin-

Amy MacDougall, a mother of two children on the verge of school age, is a writer living in Los Angeles.

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cere in wanting to help; yet, he concluded, the boys were "pretty normal *out of school* .... There's *nothing* wrong with them; they just don't like school." Remembering his own schooling (and nonschool learning), and wanting his children to avoid boredom and wasted time, he enrolled them in an "open" school within his county's public school system.

He describes one such institution, Jefferson County Open School in Denver: "Though classes meet regularly as a group, usually early to discuss the day's activities and to make announcements, most of each child's actual schoolwork occurs during twice-a-day periods called 'Choices.' During these periods, kids work on what they want to. They know what work they are expected to complete, and they schedule their own time during these periods to get it done." As far as it goes, Pierce's critique of much American education is on target. He is certainly correct in asserting that not only facts and formulas but also Politically Correct ideas and attitudes about highly controversial issues tend to be rammed down kids' throats in American schoolrooms. Besides the objectionable character of many of the "lessons" themselves, this kind of teaching inculcates a largely passive attitude, sometimes approaching brain-deadness, in students toward their own education. It not only fails to develop any sense of responsibility or self-reliance, it actively suppresses it.

But in his zeal for freeing up the classroom learning environment, Pierce regularly seems to mistake "openness" and "freedom" for ends in themselves, as though the *process* of learning, free from undue pressure or stultifying constrictions, was more or less all there is. That education has something to do with imparting and learning truth, and how to distinguish it from falsehood, is a notion hard to find in this book. *What Are We Trying To Teach Them Anyway?* is *very* long, not so much on the "what" of education, the book's title notwithstanding, but on the "how." The discussion of "authoritarian" and "highly structured" methods versus "permissive" and "open" ones goes on and on, repeated in various forms, as though Pierce figures we're all so steeped in our own "traditional" education that only multitudinous hammer strokes pounding his argument into our heads will suffice to bring it home. Also, the author's libertarian streak occasionally rises up and overwhelms the book's generally sober, analytical tone, resulting in such dreamy passages as: "Each human being creates his own reality from day to day, hour to hour, and minute to minute." Then why on earth are we wasting any time at all on education? What is there to learn that we can't "create" for ourselves?

Something about Pierce's book recalled to my mind a passage from Samuel Taylor Coleridge's *Biographia Literaria.* It is a discussion of the education he received from the Rev. James Boyer, Coleridge's Head Master at Christ's Hospital Grammar School in London in the 1780s. Somehow I can't imagine Ronald K. Pierce comprehending the positive tone of the poet's discourse:

> At school I enjoyed the inestimable advantage of a very sensible, though at the same time a very severe master .... He habituated me to compare Lucretius (in such extracts as I then read), Terence, and, above all, the chaster poems of Catullus not only with the Roman poets of the so-called silver and brazen ages but with even those of the Augustan era; and, on grounds of plain sense and universal logic, to see and assert the superiority of the former in the truth and nativeness both of their thoughts and diction. At the same time we were studying the Greek tragic poets, he made us read Shakespeare and Milton as lessons .... I learnt from him that poetry, even that of the loftiest and, seemingly, that of the wildest odes, had a logic of its own as severe as that of science; and more difficult, because more subtle, more complex, and dependent on more, and more fugitive, causes. In the truly great poets, he would say, there is a reason assignable, not only for every word, but for the position of every word; and I well remember that, availing himself of the synonyms to the Homer of Didymus, he made us attempt to show, with regard to each, *why* it would not have answered the same purpose, and *wherein* consisted the peculiar fitness of the word in the original text .... He sent us to the university excellent Latin and Greek scholars and tolerable Hebraists. Yet our classical knowledge was the least of the good gifts which we derived from his zealous and conscientious tutorage.

AGAINST SUCH a teacher as that, Pierce puts forward as his ideal one who creates "a win-win paradigm" in the classroom, who lays aside "all issues of right-wrong, good-bad, acceptable-not acceptable" because he recognizes that "in a sense, the child can do no wrong; he only makes correctable errors." I confess I find the fine distinction between "correctable errors" and things that are wrong, bad, or unacceptable a little vague. Pierce seems to want to have it both ways: we must teach, but never distinguish right from wrong. And when we *do* point out what is wrong, we cover it up with euphemism, maundering on about "correctable error," as if a teacher, of all people, ought to be afraid to talk straight and call a thing by its right name. It is an indication of how bad public education has become that, honestly, even such muddle as this would be an improvement, in many ways a substantial one, over what goes on in the classrooms now. CPR

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Popular Culture

Castro, PBS, and Business as Usual

Cold War or No Cold War, Fidel Retains His Allies in American Public Broadcasting

T. R. O'Neill-Lopez

BEFORE THE end of the Cold War, the joke around Washington was that you always could tell when a Soviet or Third World Communist "leader," (they were never "dictators," or "strongmen," those titles being reserved for right-wing bully boys) died because they would be playing dirges on National Public Radio. One got the impression that the socialist masses were going about in sackcloth and ashes. Actually, the people were probably popping the bubbly, if they had any.

NPR, like the Public Broadcasting "Service," was also quite kind to Fidel Castro, until recently. It took some 20 years for America's well-paid government mouthpieces to catch up to Jean Paul Sartre's denunciation of Cuba's Stalinist regime and its "leader." Robert Redford, Oliver Stone, and Jack Lemmon still slobber over the man. ("He set up an excellent health-care system," etc.) And some in public broadcasting are still reluctant to air any criticism of our hemisphere's fascist Bolshevik, a truly porcine tyrant who wrecked a healthy economy and turned an ebullient, creative people into a herd of cowering serfs. Oh yes, I almost forgot. Castro also sent his subjects to die in service of a foreign colonial empire.

When Cuba pulled out of Angola in the late 1980s one of its best generals, Arnaldo Ochoa, came home. Cubans looked to this young, dashing figure as a possible successor to Fidel Castro, someone who might make some changes for the better.

The army was loyal to Ochoa, with good reason. He had actually fought a war while Fidel stayed home hunting, fishing, and partying at his various mansions while the people starved. Everywhere on the island they painted "8-A" on walls. (This is a play on the general's name, the Spanish word for eight being *ocho*.) Fidel saw the writing on the wall and was not amused.

He immediately got his propaganda machine working three shifts to vilify Ochoa and some of his associates. The result was a show trial the likes of which has not been seen since the infamous Moscow Trials of the late 1930s, in which the very patriarchs of Bolshevism confessed to all sorts of fantastic crimes, such as working for the British Secret Service, aiding the Nazis, and so on.

Somehow, while waging war in Angola, Ochoa had found time to operate a far-flung drug empire that cooperated with Colombian cocaine bosses. Like the Old Bolsheviks, Ochoa abjectly confessed his crimes and proclaimed himself unworthy of the Revolution and its *Máximo Líder*. After that, whatever punishment the Dictatorship of the Proletariat dished out, he and his buddies deserved it. On July 13, 1989, one of Fidel's death squads stood Ochoa, a "hero of the republic" and member of the Communist Party's Central Committee, against a wall along with three other supposed co-conspirators and shot them dead. There were no appeals or demonstrations. Like his mentor Stalin before him, the bearded one could now breathe easy. He had eliminated his most popular rival. In New York, antediluvian leftist and staunch death-penalty opponent William Kuntsler issued not the slightest peep of protest.

SOMEONE SHOULD make a movie of this, you might say. After all, a show trial is a show. Well, somebody did, and Fidel made it easy for them. The man has become so confident that foreign audiences will buy his propaganda that he not only televised the entire trial but put it up on the satellite. Meanwhile, up in the Center of World Imperialism, Orlando Jimenez-Leal was watching, and taping.

Jimenez-Leal had already made *Improper Conduct*, about Castro's

T. R. O'Neill-Lopez is California Political Review's *roving correspondent on Popular Culture.*

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persecution of homosexuals, with his fellow exile, the late cinematographer Nestor Almendros. The film won praise and a wide audience in Europe. Jimenez-Leal and Almendros tried to have it aired on PBS, but were turned down. Almendros went on to make *Nobody Listened,* about the human rights violations of the Cuban regime. Marc Weiss of PBS's "POV" ("Point of View") documentary series (which exists, supposedly, to provide a forum for a *variety* of "POV"s) allowed a steady stream of left-wing agit-prop, including a worshipful treatment of Stalinist apologist Anna Louise Strong, but could not countenance anything negative about Fidel.

NOW, JIMENEZ-LEAL has made *8-A,* using his tapes of Ochoa's show trial. It is a stunning piece of work, *cinéma vérité* and courtroom drama at its best. It's like watching the proceedings on C-SPAN. No actors in the world could possibly duplicate these performances, particularly those of the defendants' lawyers, who in their summation denounce their own clients as enemies of the revolution who deserve the death penalty. Now there's socialist realism for you. No ACLU chapter in Havana, evidently. Fidel, his sycophantic brother Raul, and the court's general-inquisitor also demonstrate their oratorical gifts. The director adds some dramatic sequences to show what might have happened behind the scenes.

Europeans welcomed the film, which was partly sponsored by Italian television. Jimenez-Leal thought that the end of the Cold War might open the way for his work to be shown on PBS, which last year aired a "Frontline" program quite critical of Castro. But it was not to be. PBS, including its "POV" division, turned down *8-A.* While Jimenez-Leal's work awaits the mass audience it deserves, the "POV" series still churns out crude agit-prop like *Building Bombs,* an anti-nuke diatribe.

By its own mandate, public broadcasting is supposed to be fair and balanced. While there have been some improvements, much remains to be done. As far as documentaries at PBS are concerned, some points of view are still more equal than others. CPR

Correspondence

(Continued from page 2)

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(3) That a majority of Americans is out there anxious to come together behind a banner proclaiming a vast reduction in the size of government, as if all those Democrats get elected to Congress every two years *in spite of* their unpopular doling out of federal pork, and an across-the-board program of evading every important moral issue except the rights of property, as if appeals to the voters' moral sensibilities consistently fail in American politics. If he keeps at this, Mr. Rittberg may eventually learn that freedom makes demands on people, and people often don't like having demands, like respecting the unborn's right to life, made on them. Building winning coalitions on a platform of freedom is not nearly so simple as he thinks. Nonetheless, libertarian Republicans are an essential part of any winning GOP coalition and it would be foolish to dismiss them as cavalierly as he does Christian conservatives. So I encourage his activities and thank him for his contributions to the effort all of us conservatives and libertarians are making to defend and increase American freedom.

Farah, Dignan, and the Common Ground

The remarks of Joseph Farah and James Dignan on the common grounds for conservatives and Republicans were welcome and appropriate, but I wonder if they go far enough in spelling out the principles which should guide us. I have heard countless speeches and read innumerable articles by right-thinking people who ritualistically reaffirm "the principles we all share" or "the values we hold dear" which invariably fail to clarify precisely what those principles are. Those principles are hardly a secret. They derive from the natural rights political philosophy articulated in the Declaration of Independence and implemented in the United States Constitution. Should we not say so publicly and thus establish our rightful claim as the authentic representatives of America's founding principles?

Mr. Farah is confident that the "religious right," neo-conservatives, and libertarians can unite in the same political party based on "certain core beliefs: limited government, free enterprise, Judeo-Christian values" against the "left-liberal elite," while Mr. Dignan urges Republicans to take their bearings from "our free market and personal liberty philosophy of government and economics." But neither gentleman goes beyond these assertions. Let us make the attempt in this limited space.

The Declaration of Independence boldly affirms the existence of "self-evident" truths, namely, that "all men are created equal" in their rights to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," and that government exists "to secure these rights," based on "the consent of the governed." In other words, the right of self government is a gift of God and of a beneficent nature to every human being and which no government on earth can rightfully deny. Abraham Lincoln, the founder of the Republican Party, agreed with the founders of the United States that these principles defined America as a nation and provided the standard for all political action.

Hence, the founders and Lincoln supported the U.S. Constitution which, among other great objects, is dedicated to securing "the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity." Government is limited precisely because its goal is limited. It secures our liberty so that we may govern ourselves. We are free to worship God, to establish families, to engage in profitable enterprises, to become educated, and to

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seek public office only because God has created us with the ability to do these things.

We conservatives should never forget that left-liberalism was founded on an explicit repudiation of our nation's founding principles — Woodrow Wilson's affection for British Cabinet government and Prussian bureaucracy, Oliver Wendell Holmes's commitment to moral relativism, Franklin Roosevelt's passion for taxing, spending, and electing, Lyndon Johnson's determination to create a class of permanent dependents, and Bill Clinton's drive to legitimize abortion and homosexuality — all have as their common denominator a rejection of the American tradition of self-government. We should not concede — ever — the acceptability or respectability of any political doctrine which fails to meet this strict test.

If we mean for America to be governed by its founders' principles, we need always to affirm our commitment to them and to oppose all those who repudiate them.

Richard H. Reeb, Jr.
Barstow

CPR In Heady Company

For many years I have subscribed to a number of journals including *National Review* and *The American Spectator*. Without doubt, *California Political Review* is the best journal of opinion I have ever read. It is the only publication I receive which I read from cover-to-cover. You are to be congratulated for such excellence. Please keep up the good work.

Kevin R. Day
Dinuba

And Brought Back to Earth

You are doing good work and I hope are reaching a growing audience. It's for that reason that I would like to suggest a note of caution regarding an item in the Spring 1993 *Update* ("A Little Insulation," Commentary).

The reference to the proposed separate college for women at Santa Monica College seems to convey a negative message as to such colleges *per se*, which I believe might be worth reconsidering. Actually, there has been much of value written on the advisability of separate institutions for males and females, and I personally believe the idea might cure a lot of our current ills, whether it be for the lower grades or, to a differing degree, for higher education.

As the *Update* item indicates, of course, there is a second facet to the subject, *i.e.*, whether or not a separate school for females would be devoted to women's studies. If that happens, the idea unquestionably should deserve the scorn conveyed by *Update*. Women's studies are a fraud. But if the curriculum is traditional and the philosophy not feminist, the idea of a girl's school deserves our support. I recall that the Wellesley College of old turned out a damned intelligent, feminine (womanly) product. In the case cited, unfortunately, this may be too much to hope for but this was not entirely clear.

For my authority, I cite Michael Levin's *Feminism and Freedom*, Nicholas Davidson's *The Failure of Feminism*, and George Gilder's *Men and Marriage*. As Gilder writes on page 117:

> A shift to coeducation is in fact "unnatural" by most anthropological criteria. In the evolutionary scheme, it represents a radical change in the learning environment for both boys and girls, who mature in very different ways and phases. Its effects in grade school are drastically different from its effects in college. And whatever the benefits, many of the problems of American schools — and disorders of the society — are attributable to the presumption, rare in all other human societies, that boys and girls should be thrown together whenever possible.

Obviously, Mr. Gilder is more tolerant of college coeducation than I may be, yet there still is no justification for assuming that it is right in all cases. Much can be said for separate colleges for many young people. For instance, the government assault on VMI and the Citadel, not to mention the damage already done at the service academies by the Stratton Bill, is simply irresponsible — or at least misguided. And the same can be said to some extent for civilian schools. Our society's distortion of the idea of "civil rights" has become scary. The *Fresno Bee*, for instance, reports that "to avert accusations of gender inequity, high schools in Modesto, Turlock, Atwater, and Merced are considering eliminating three boys athletic teams and adding four girls teams." This reflects a total unawareness of why "sports" were first resorted to — to give rambunctious young males an activity to vent their testosterone (and prove their manhood) while keeping them out of trouble. The same simply does not apply to girls. With the gang-related problems, graffiti, and general lawlessness in some areas, such foolish tampering is mind-boggling.

People haven't begun to realize the damage done to our social structure and constitutional system by feminism and its more utopian progeny, "women's lib." Someday, however, long after we are gone I'm afraid, our heirs will have come to learn that androgyny is silly and also that coeducation was best considered more of an occasional expedient than a universal blessing.

W. Edward Chynoweth
Sanger

Mr. Chynoweth is right. We should have made the point that if the new school's "curriculum is traditional and the philosophy not feminist" it would deserve support. Sadly, there is little chance of that, and if by some miracle such a curriculum were attempted at Santa Monica College, the Politically Correct Thought Police in charge there would deal with it as the Romans did Carthage.
Editor

CPR

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California Titanic

(Continued from page 14)

gulf between Wilson's rhetoric and his actions became readily apparent. The Republican reforms were contemptuously and summarily dismissed by the governor's staff. Even so simple an act as abolishing the California Arts Council to save $17 million was ridiculed by Wilson. "Peanuts," he told the *Orange County Register,* "non-sense," "not even worth the time to discuss."

IN APRIL, Wilson instead announced his plan for a $6.7 billion tax increase to "balance the budget." Rebellious Republicans were told at a tempestuous retreat in Grass Valley that members who opposed his plan would be made "f***ing irrelevant."

Repeated warnings went unheeded. In the *Wall Street Journal,* economist Arthur Laffer made precise projections of the effect of the taxes, and concluded with these words:

> The tax increase contemplated by Sacramento will, over the next several years, do enormous damage to the Golden State's economy. Property values and employment amongst California's most vulnerable people will be the hardest hit. But everyone will suffer. California's budget will remain in crisis.

I warned on the Assembly floor:

> This measure will turn a gloomy future into a ghastly one. Do not expect the revenue estimates from these taxes to hold. As sales decline, as layoffs increase, as small businesses which are barely holding on now are forced to close their doors — the revenue projections under this and other tax increases are bound to decline substantially, and we'll be back here, possibly by early spring, to deal with growing budget shortfalls.

But words were vain. Democrats had originally proposed $2.6 billion of tax increases, Wilson had countered with $6.7 billion, and they finally compromised at $8.2 billion of new taxes and fees. Wilson, who vowed to "break arms" of Assembly Republicans, coerced just enough GOP votes to meet the two-thirds vote requirement.

It was the largest tax increase imposed by any state in American history — $1,100 of new levies on an average family of four at a time when the economy was already mired in recession. And, in one year's leap, state general fund expenditures grew nearly 8 percent.

In addition to the tax increases — some of which the administration tried to describe as "cuts" — the budget was balanced with ludicrous projections of 10.1 percent real revenue growth, and $2 billion of bookkeeping gimmicks which allowed both prior and future year revenues to be counted in the 1991 budget. In signing the budget, Wilson predicted that the tax increases and spending cuts would balance the budget not only for the next year, but "for the next five." It didn't take long for relentless reality to overtake the ridiculous rhetoric.

When the sales tax was increased 20 percent in most jurisdictions, retail sales plunged faster than they had at any time in the past 30 years. When the sales tax was broadened to include the bunker fuel burned by ocean-going tankers, purchases dropped as much as 90 to 95 percent as ships sought fuel in foreign ports. The state's unemployment rate, which had been hovering 1 percent over the national rate jumped to 2 percent above it. As had been clearly predicted, the budget quickly began to spin out of balance. In October of 1991, Wilson ridiculed bipartisan calls for a special session of the Legislature to re-write the budget, calling them alarmist and uninformed.

The state shuddered; her economic growth faltered and then stopped. The ledgers were filling with red ink at an ominous pace. With a single, reckless, tragic stroke of a pen, the state's fiscal crisis had been transformed into a fiscal catastrophe. California's taxpayers had sustained the largest tax increase ever imposed by a governor, the deficit it was supposed to staunch had nearly tripled, state government was exploding, and the economy was imploding.

Like the Titanic's helmsman who tried to change course too late to avert disaster, Wilson desperately attempted to alter his heading. As the 1992 budget debate began, the governor announced he would resolutely oppose any tax increases, (a position even the Legislature's liberals did not question in an election year). And he firmly resolved to hold the Legislature in session until December if necessary to enact reforms that were essential to repair the damage to the state. Had Wilson done so a year earlier, when he had the popularity, party unity, and blamelessness to rally the people, California today would be outpacing the nation and history would already be smiling on his stewardship. But by 1992, Wilson's popularity had been squandered, his Party fragmented, and his record made fearfully culpable.

DURING THE two-month, record-breaking budget stalemate of 1992, Wilson won cosmetic welfare reforms, but in his desperation for a victory, he paid a terrible price — or, more precisely, the taxpayers paid it. The 1992 budget was balanced with the same make-believe revenue predictions and fiscal legerdemain that were the foundation of the state's crisis. New taxes totaling $650 million, including increased court fees, higher education fees, pesticide mill taxes, and accelerated tax collections, were levied while the governor boasted he had held the line against tax increases. The 1992 budget took $1.2 billion in property

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tax revenues from local communities, prompting rampant fee hikes and "benefit" assessments from local governments across the state to make up a portion of their expropriated revenues. Constitutional safeguards against general obligation borrowing without voter approval were circumvented by the fraudulent use of revenue bonds to borrow hundreds of millions of dollars for prison construction. In addition, $1.5 billion was spent "off-budget" under the fictional arrangement that allowed the state to spend today against future revenues. State employees were asked to take a temporary, 5 percent work furlough in exchange for a commensurate amount of paid vacation time the next year, plus a two-year, 10 percent across-the-board salary increase starting January 1, 1994. The administration could thus reduce its payroll for the budget year, at the expense of nearly $1 billion of future annual salary obligations.

The result of the unprecedented 64-day stalemate was a budget expected to reach $5 billion of debt, more than quadrupling the volume of red ink flooding the state's ledgers in a span of just 36 months. As red ink fills one fiscal year and spills ever more rapidly into the next, the ship of state sinks deeper into debt at a compounding rate. The treasurer is required to market relentlessly escalating levels of short term notes without the resources to repay them except with more borrowing.

This year, administration budget writers and their legislative counterparts employed the same contrivances in a short-sighted attempt to avoid the political embarrassment of another summer-long stalemate.

Instead of heeding calls to curb the meteoric rise in bureaucratic overhead in many Administration departments, next year's budget plunges California still deeper in debt, while triggering a new round of state and local tax increases and continuing the brisk growth of the state's bureaucracy.

Although the governor contends his budget "cuts" state spending by $2.5 billion, the reduction is entirely attributable to his shifting $2.6 billion in property taxes to support state obligations. In fact, the budget continues to grow, as does the number of state employees and their salaries.

The good news is that it is not difficult to find waste in a government that costs so much and produces so little.

The budget deliberately extends $2.7 billion of debt into 1993, and $1.1 billion into 1994. (If the administration had made its proposal in January it clearly would have run afoul of the state constitution, which requires the governor to submit a balanced budget. Unfortunately for taxpayers, the constitution is silent about budget revisions submitted in May.)

Off-budget borrowing increases to $2.2 billion under the governor's plan and another expropriation of up to $2.6 billion of local revenues — on top of the last year's $1.2 billion raid — will trigger substantial local tax increases this fall, in addition to $700 million of additional sales taxes through the extension of the "temporary" half cent levy the state added in 1991. And by 1994, when revenues are optimistically and unrealistically projected to grow five percent, spending will resume a brisk six percent rate of growth.

With red ink flooding onto California's ledgers at a rate that has doubled every year for the past three years, the obvious question is the same confronted by Captain Smith of the Titanic: can the process be stopped, or is the state doomed?

Wildly extravagant contractual and pension obligations, compounding debt, the misuse of revenue bonds, and job-killing tax increases have seriously damaged the state's fiscal integrity. Hopes that an economic recovery will arrive before the ship goes down — the underpinning of the Wilson administration's budgetary policy for three successive years — look increasingly forlorn. California's business climate has become so hostile and the escape of the productive sector so panicked that recovery is highly unlikely to arrive unless policies are changed. Such a miraculous deliverance would require a crusading governor who can take command of the crisis and issue the orders to stem the inrushing red ink and repair the state's structural damage.

THE GOOD news is that it is not difficult to find waste in a government that costs so much and produces so little. Last May, the Center for the California Taxpayer identified nearly $10 billion of savings that could be realized in 190 budget sections without affecting vital services.

California taxpayers are needlessly paying more than necessary for government services because of laws that prevent the state from shopping around for the most efficient providers. When Britain began contracting out services which its slothful bureaucracy had been inefficiently performing, British taxpayers saved 10 to 40 percent and received a higher quality of work. Contracting out services in just 15 areas of California government would produce documented cost savings of more than $2 billion.

Under the proposed budget, taxpay-

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ers will shell out more than $1 billion for 53 useless or overlapping state bureaucracies. The State Fire Marshall duplicates the work of local fire departments; the State Architect, local building departments; the State Coastal Commission, local planning commissions. Meanwhile, ludicrous waste like the $3.1 million program to provide conjugal visits for state prison inmates continues virtually unchallenged.

HOW MUCH has your family budget increased this year? The governor's Office of Planning and Research will expand 36.5 percent next year. The budget of the Office of Environmental Health Hazard Assessment has doubled in two years. Administrative overhead at the scandal-ridden Department of Education has grown 74.5 percent in two years and at the Department of Social Services by 70 percent. The California Alternative Energy Source Financing Authority has grown *538 percent* in two years.

Providing free services to illegal aliens, including education, health benefits, and welfare, costs California taxpayers $3 billion annually. The U.S. Supreme Court's 10-year-old, 5-4 decision requiring states to provide such services is ripe for challenge, with only two members of the majority still sitting on the bench.

Various other reforms, such as conforming the state personal income tax to a simple percentage of the federal tax, conforming Medi-Cal eligibility to federal standards and conforming the state's prevailing wage rates to the federal rate would save yet another one billion dollars.

In theory, California could remain afloat and resume her voyage with the kind of heroic exertion and courageous leadership that great crises have occasionally produced. Ten billion dollars of reforms would allow California to balance her budget, avoid crippling tax increases or raids on local governments, pay off last year's deficit, restore a prudent reserve, and pave the way for a major tax reduction next year. But the stupefied officials on the state's bridge at this hour are unlikely to muster the qualities necessary to deliver California from its fate.

As the flood of debt accelerates, the reforms will necessarily become increasingly draconian and thus increasingly unlikely, until the state's unprecedented borrowing begins to repulse lenders. Additional tax increases will further depress revenues as the economy collapses, and at that point, the state will be unable to pay vendors and creditors except with I.O.U.s. Like the Titanic's final hours, events will move with increasing rapidity and increasing force until the unthinkable at some point becomes the inevitable, the bankruptcy of the nation's largest state. Perhaps such a tragedy is necessary to dispel the hubris of the age: that government spending can proceed as recklessly and heedlessly as California's without the cold hand of disaster intervening. CPR

California Chronicles

(Continued from page 3)

c/o CFMA, 8687 Melrose Ave., #BM25, Los Angeles, 90069, 310/921-4491, attn: Tom Hagerman.

Paul Gann Citizens Committee

Sustaining Proposition 13

Continuing Paul Gann's work, his son Richard has established the Paul Gann Citizens Committee to educate voters on legislative and judicial reform, education, health, law enforcement, crime, drug abuse, and, of course, taxation and government spending. The group pays particular attention to local governments' efforts to circumvent Proposition 13, such as labeling tax increases "assessments," and then passing them without the voter approval 13 requires to raise taxes. Local politicians' willingness to employ such double-talk (presumably expecting to get away with it) proves the necessity of Richard Gann's efforts. The group also lobbies the Legislature to support taxpayers and public safety. The Committee produces "News Alert," a periodic report on important state issues. Contact: Sherry Curtis, Paul Gann's Citizens Committee, 9848-B Business Park Drive, Sacramento, CA 95827, 916/366-3500.

Traditional Values Coalition

Family Values & Religious Freedom

The Traditional Values Coalition is opposing H.R. 431, sponsored by California Representative Henry Waxman, a piece of thought-control legislation commanding employers and people selling or renting real property to assent to the proposition that homosexuality is as normal as breathing, or at least to act as though it were.

This is a federal version of the California law signed by Governor Wilson under pressure from left-wing homosexuals who rioted when the governor vetoed similar legislation earlier in his term — the same people who accuse religious conservatives of seeking to impose their beliefs on others. Contact: Traditional Values Coalition, P.O. Box 940, Anaheim, 92815, 714/520-0300. CPR

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STOP ME BEFORE I WRITE MORE

With half his tongue-in-cheek tied behind his back (just to make it fair), Scott Gardner has done something no other author ever dared to do. He has written a book of less than a hundred pages that solves all the major problems of mankind. In a dazzling display of brevity and wit, Gardner devises hilarious "solutions" to such age-old afflictions as inflation, baldness, crime, smoking, runaway taxes, runaway roaches, poverty, cold feet in bed, loneliness, nuclear proliferation, and political corruption, to name just a few.

In the process of tackling all these problems (and almost as an afterthought), his book, "**Stop Me Before I Write More**" also takes on and demolishes the Welfare State, NASA, Big Government, the Arabs, the Russians, Wall Street, women's liberation, your local psychiatrist, and just about everyone else, himself included.

After reading "**Stop Me,**" conservatives laugh so hard, they frequently need oxygen. Liberals, on the other hand, get so enraged, they very nearly have an apoplectic fit. The reason is simple: The liberal establishment doesn't like people who can solve their **own** problems, much less all the problems of mankind.

As proof of liberal tolerance and good humor, when this book came out in 1984, one of the largest publishers in the country threatened to sue Gardner for two million dollars. New York City slapped a consumer protection violation on his book **sight unseen.** And not one review ever appeared in the liberal press. Yet the book became an instant underground bestseller and is now considered a collector's item. More timely today than when it was first published, "**Stop Me**" is available again in very limited quantities. Order your copy today.

Oh yes. Since no one stopped him, Gardner recently wrote another book called "**Live Rent-Free For Life,**" a devastating dissection of New York's rent control system. With exuberant derision, Gardner pokes fun at liberalism's most sacred cow, gleefully skewering tenant activists, militant Marxists, brain-dead bureaucrats, pandering politicians, and half-crazed landlords alike.

In a series of satirical essays that range from lampoon to parody to stand-up comedy, Gardner rips the mystique away from the Big Apple's humanitarian facade to expose the rotted core of what is perhaps New York's most destructive, possibly its costliest, but certainly its dumbest law. As a landmark case study of government stupidity in action, "**Live Rent-Free**" should be required reading for every American who values our free enterprise system. Both of these books belong in every conservative's library.

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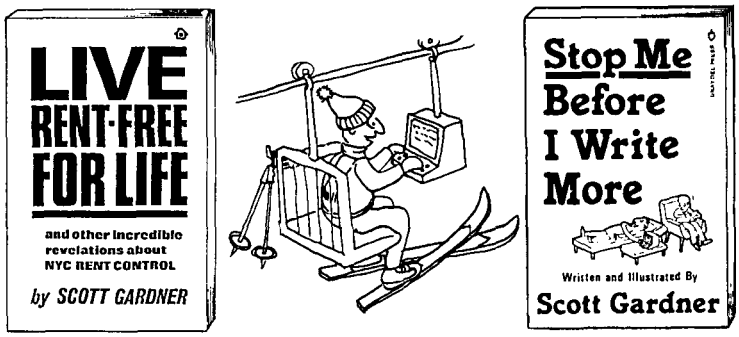

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Since the turn of the 20th Century, and now in more than 100 countries throughout the world, the Boy Scouts have helped boys develop character, moral standards, citizenship, and a love of the outdoors.

The Scout Oath, the foundation on which the Scout movement is built, is observed by every boy who seeks to join and participate in Scouts. It provides:

"On my honor I will do my best To do my duty to God and country and to obey the Scout Law; To help other people at all times; To keep myself physically strong, mentally awake, and morally straight."

The Boy Scout Oath -

The Boy Scouts of America is a non-profit, non-government organization, with entirely volunteer leaders. President Bill Clinton has said "The Boy Scouts are a private organizaton and, as such, they ought to have a right to whatever rules they want." Scouts are entitled to the full protection of the First Amendment's freedom of association and expression.

But recently, some powerful interests have challenged these rights. A few large companies, including Levi-Strauss, Inc. and Wells Fargo have objected that the Scout Oath mentions God, and that the Boy Scouts of America forbid homosexual scoutmasters.

The Boy Scouts cannot be all things to all people. But we believe firmly that there is an important place for the Boy Scouts in America. If you agree, then show your support for Scouting now, when it's under attack.

Here in California, the Boy Scouts are serving over 300,000 boys. Help us help them survive the lawsuits and press assaults, so they can continue to survive as a private organization.

Make it your good deed for the day.

SAVE OUR SCOUTS SUPPORTERS

Dana Rohrabacher, Honorary Chairman, Save Our Scouts Project • Hon. Robert K. Dornan
Hon. Ron Packard • James V. Lacy, Director, Save Our Scouts Project

To help counter the challenge to the Scouts and for more information on how you can help defend Scouting, sign the "Save Our Scouts" petition below and return it today.

Save Our Scouts Project Statement of Support

I support the goals of Save Our Scouts. I will do the following things.

__ Sign my petition to the Chairmen of Levi-Strauss and Wells Fargo Bank
__ Write a personal letter expressing my support of the Boy Scouts to:

Robert D. Haas, Chairman of the Board
Levi-Strauss and Co.
P.O. Box 7215, San Francisco, CA 94120

Carl E. Reichardt, Chairman of the Board
Wells Fargo Bank, 420 Montgomery Street,
San Francisco, CA 94163

Please keep me informed of Save Our Scouts Inc. activities!

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Address _____
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Phone _____

Petition to the Chairman of the Board of Levi-Strauss Inc. and Wells Fargo Bank

WHERE AS: The Boy Scouts of America are an American institution with an outstanding record of instilling leadership skills and traditional moral values in the growth of our country. And,

WHERE AS: Pressure groups should not be permitted to undermine corporate support for Scouting in order to force the Scouts to change their moral standards or eliminate religious and patriotic expression.

THEREFORE BE IT RESOLVED: We call upon you to reinstate your company's support for the Boy Scouts of America.

_____
Signature

Return to: Save Our Scouts, Inc. 30100 Town Center Dr. #0-269, Laguna Niguel, CA 92677. We will forward your petitions together with many others to the chairmen of Levi-Strauss and Wells Fargo Bank.

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